

BOY COMICS

10¢

OCT.
NO. 42

CRIMEBUSTER
in **2**
COMPLETE STORIES

LEV GLEASON, PUB., CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS



YOU SWELLS
THINK EVERY GUY
IS YOURS FOR THE
TAKING, BUT NOT
THIS TIME,
SISTER!

NOW YOUSE
KNOW DAT AIN'T
NICE, MISS
GERTIE!

OH! SPLUT!
BLUB! BLUB!
STOP IT!

WHAT'CHA
THINK YOU
GAINED BY THAT
TRICK? STOP
HER, FEARLESS!

SSSSSS

CHARLES
BIRO

C.B. APPEARS IN THE
LONGEST STORY IN
BOY COMICS'
HISTORY!

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CRIMEBUSTER

story by
**CHARLES
BIRO**



art by
**NEWMAN
MAURER**

THE CRIMES OF THAT FURIOUS AND VIOLENT PERIOD OF OUR HISTORY, THE PROHIBITION ERA, FILLED MANY A POLICE BLOTTER! WHAT BECAME OF THOSE LAWLESS ELEMENTS EVER SINCE THE REPEAL OF THE PROHIBITION ACT WOULD BE AN INTERESTING STUDY! MOST OF THE DANGEROUS ONES AT ITS CLOSE WERE EITHER SIX FEET UNDER, OR WERE STILL MAKING LITTLE STONES OUT OF BIG ONES! NOW AND THEN, SOME OF THESE FORGOTTEN OLD MEN ARE RELEASED! MOST OF THEM FIND A PEACEFUL JOB AND LIVE RESPECTABLE LIVES VERY MUCH IN CONTRAST TO THE SWAGGERING, BULL-DOZING DESPERADOES THEY WERE! THEY NO LONGER THINK SOCIETY IS A PUSHOVER! THEY FINALLY LEARNED THEIR LESSON!

THIS STORY IS ABOUT A DIE-HARD THAT EVEN TWENTY YEARS IN A DISMAL PRISON COULDN'T CURE!

Charles Biro

GEE, LOOVER, THAT LAST CASE WAS A LULU! WHAT A FIEND HE WAS—SOMETIMES I THINK THAT CRIMINALS ARE GETTING MORE RUTHLESS EVERY DAY!

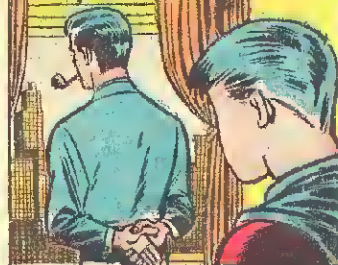
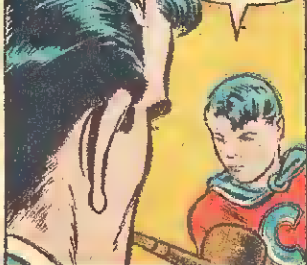
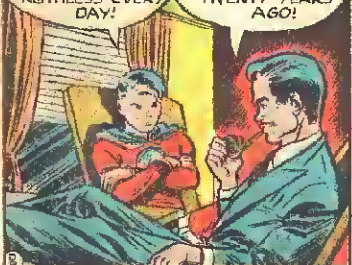
OH, I WOULDN'T SAY THAT, C. B.! TODAY'S PUNKS COULD LEARN A THING OR TWO FROM THE SO-CALLED SMART APPLES OF TWENTY YEARS AGO!

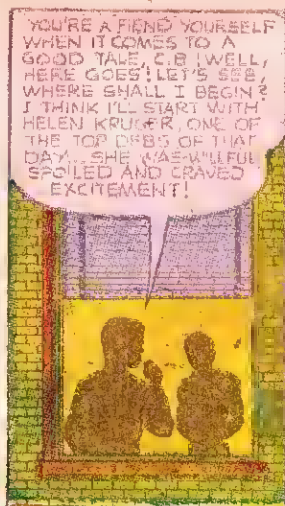
THEY WERE SMART, ALL RIGHT—SO SMART THAT THE ONLY ONES NOT PUSHING UP DAISIES ARE ROTTING AWAY IN THE CLINK!

GOSH, LOOVER, HAVE YOU BEEN IN THE CRIME BUSINESS TWENTY YEARS? HOW DID YOU GET ON YOUR FIRST CASES?

THE VERY FIRST WASN'T EXACTLY MY CASE! I ONLY DID THE PAPER WORK, BUT I NEVER FORGOT IT!

IF IT IMPRESSED YOU THAT MUCH, IT MUST'VE BEEN A GOOD YARN! C'MON, LOOVER, GIVE OUT!





YOU'RE A FINED YOURSELF WHEN IT COMES TO A GOOD TALE, C.B. I'LL, HERE GOES! LET'S SEE, WHERE SHALL I BEGIN? I THINK I'LL START WITH HELEN KRUGER, ONE OF THE TOP DRUGS OF THAT DAY... SHE WAS A WIFE SPOILED AND CRAVED EXCITEMENT!



PLEASE, HELEN, DO WE HAVE TO COME HERE? WHAT IF THE PLACE GETS RAIDED?

YEAH?

OH, DON'T BE SUCH A STICK-IN-THE-MUD! TELL THE CUTE MAN WHO SENT US!



ISN'T THIS EXCITING, CORT?

THIS IS NO PLACE FOR A NICE GIRL LIKE YOU, HELEN! IF YOUR FATHER EVER FINDS OUT I LET YOU COME HERE, HE'LL SKIN ME ALIVE!



THAT FOR FATHER! IT ISN'T THAT HE CARES WHAT HAPPENS TO ME- IT'S WHAT HAPPENS TO OUR PRECIOUS NAME!

WELL, WHY DON'T YOU LET ME CHANGE IT FOR YOU! THEN YOU'LL HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!



OH, LET'S NOT GO INTO THAT AGAIN! CORT, WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT FASCINATING MAN IS? THE ONE SITTING BY THE SPECIALTY DANCER?

I PRESUME YOU MEAN THE CHAP YOU'VE BEEN OGGLING EVER SINCE WE CAME IN?



HIS NAME IS BUGS MARTIN! HE OWNS THIS SPEAKEASY AND HE'S VERY BAD MEDICINE FOR GOOD LITTLE GIRLS!



I SAID, DID YOU LIKE MY NEW NUMBER, BUGSY? BUGSY, YOU AIN'T LISTENING TO ME!

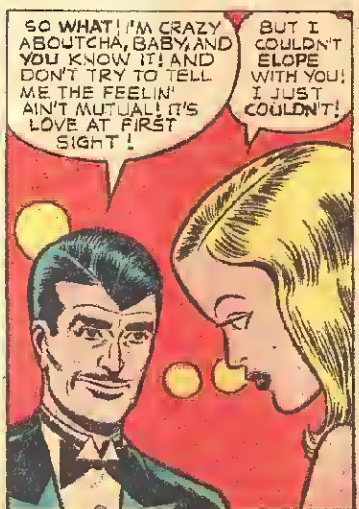
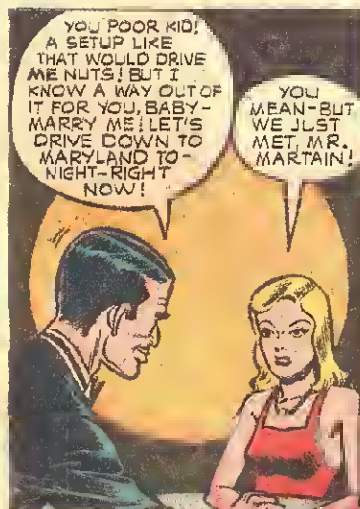
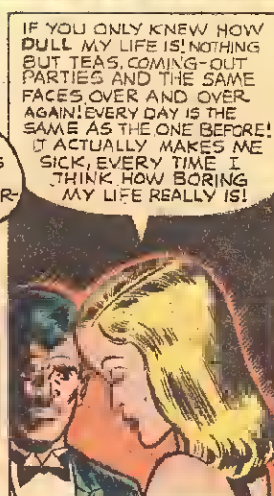
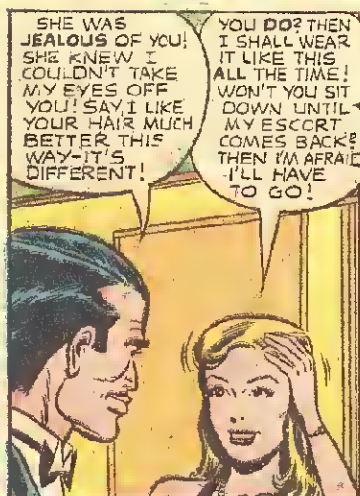
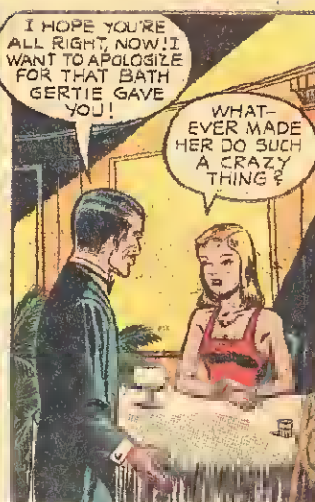
I GOT OTHER THINGS ON MY MIND TONIGHT, GERTIE! BEAT IT!

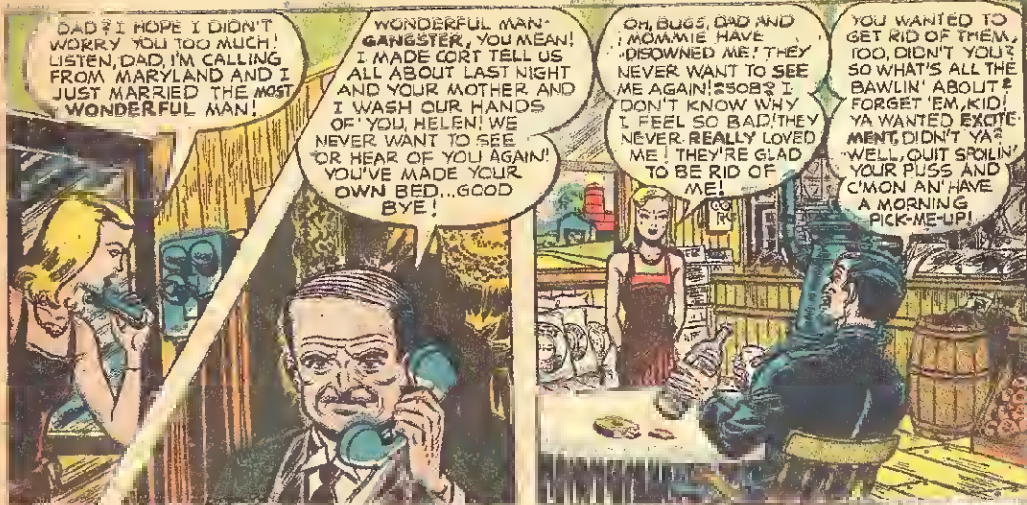


I'LL SAY YOU HAVE, AND IT'S THAT DIZZY BLONDE SOCIETY DISH OVER THERE! WELL, YOU CAN JUST FORGET HER, BECAUSE SHE AIN'T YOUR TYPE!

WANNA BET? G'WAN, GET AWAY FROM HERE! YOU KNOW ENTERTAINERS AREN'T ALLOWED AT TABLES!







BUGS DIDN'T LET HER DOWN, EITHER! HELEN GOT HER EXCITEMENT AND THEN SOME! SHE FOUND OUT SOON ENOUGH WHAT KIND OF A GUY SHE'D MARRIED! HOW COULD SHE HELP IT? THE PAPERS WERE FULL OF HIM! BUGS WAS RISING RAPIDLY TO THE TOP OF THE UNDERWORLD, BUT THE POLICE COULDN'T PIN ANYTHING ON HIM! IT WASN'T UNTIL A YEAR LATER, IN A SMALL WATERFRONT DIVE IN LONG BEACH...

SO I GET IN FROM CANADA WITH A BOATLOAD OF HOOTCH-REAL SCOTCH-100! PROOF, AND I FIND THE COAST GUARD'S GOT THE SHORE TIED UP LIKE A CHRISTMAS PACKAGE! SO NOW NOBODY'LL TAKE THE STUFF OFF MY HANDS FOR PEANUTS! WHY SHOULD THEY- YOU'D HAVE TO BE INVISIBLE TO GET THE STUFF THROUGH, AND THEN YOU COULDN'T!

YEAH, IT'S TOUGH, ALL RIGHT, SHORTY!

IT'S A MESS! IF I COULD FIND A GUY WHO'D TAKE THE STUFF OFF MY HANDS, I'D PRACTICALLY GIVE IT AWAY! YOU DON'T KNOW ANYONE WHO'D BE INTERESTED, DO YOU?

I MIGHT!

WHATTA YA MEAN, YA MIGHT? HELP ME GET RID OF THIS STUFF AND I'LL GIVE YA A GRAND! WHATTA YA SAY?

OKAY, I'LL TAKE YA TO SEE BUGS MARTAIN! HE'S OUR MIRACLE MAN! HE CAN GET THE STUFF THROUGH, IF ANYONE CAN!

WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR? LET'S GO SEE HIM! I GOTTA GET RID OF THE STUFF FAST- MY CREW IS GETTIN' JUMPY!

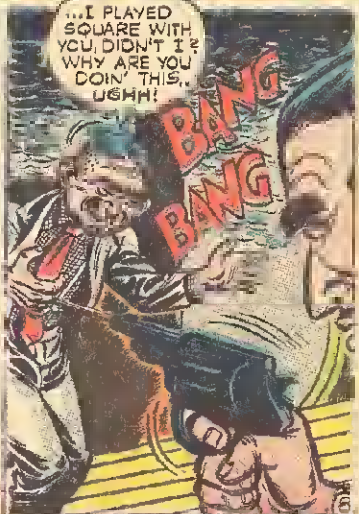
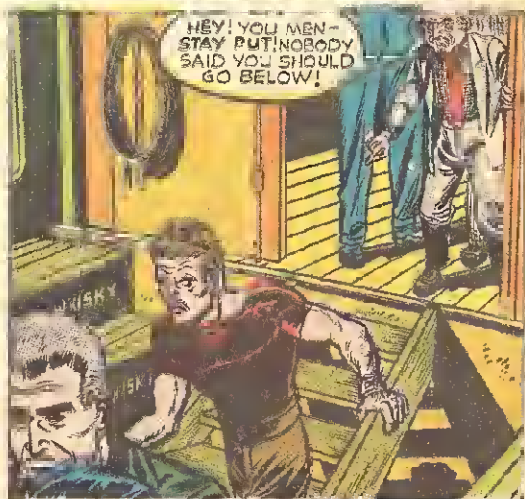
OKAY, COME ON! ONLY DON'T TRY TO PUT ANYTHIN' OVER ON HIM, OR YOU'LL BE MINUS A BODY!

HEY, FEARLESS, HOW'S CHANCES OF GETTIN' IN TO SEE BUGS? THIS LITTLE MUG WITH ME HAS GOT A BIG PROPOSITION I'M SURE WOULD INTEREST BUGS!

OKAY, I'LL TAKE YA IN! BUT MAKE IT FAST, HE'S A BUSY GUY!









THROW HIM OVER THE SIDE!



YOU WOULDN'T THINK A RUNT LIKE THAT COULD BE SO HEAVY!



I WAS THINKIN' BOSS, WOULDN'T IT BEEN BETTER IF WE HAD TIED SOME WEIGHTS ON HIM?

NAW, YOU HEARD HIM SAY WE'RE TWELVE MILES OUT! THE SHARKS WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM FOR US!



CALL THE GUYS UP—I'LL GIVE THEM THEIR ORDERS! AFTER THAT, WE'LL CALL IT A NIGHT AND PACK OFF!



EVERY TIME I COME HOME TO THIS DUMP IT'S LIKE COMING HOME TO A MORGUE!

PLEASE, BUGS, IT'S FOUR IN THE MORNING! YOU'LL WAKE THE BABY!

ZZZZ
HE KEEPS ON ROLLIN' ALONG



THE BABY! THE BABY! FOR PETE'S SAKE—ALL YOU EVER THINK OF IS THAT BRAT!

ANYONE WILL TELL YOU THAT A BABY MUST HAVE A MAXIMUM OF REST AND...



...A MINIMUM OF EXCITEMENT TO ASSURE PROPER DEVELOPMENT—OH!

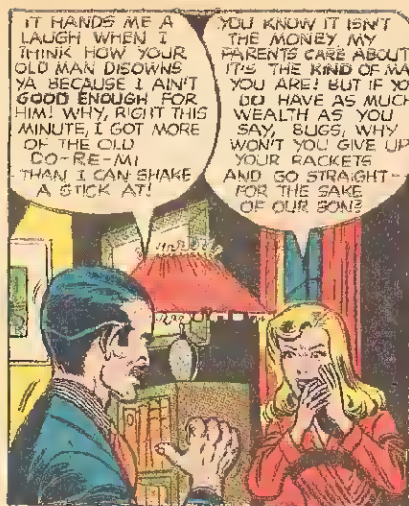
SHUT UP! IF YOU GOT ANYTHING TO SAY, SAY IT IN ENGLISH! YOU AN YOUR HIGH-FALUTIN' WORDS ARE DRIVIN' ME NUTS!

SHAP!

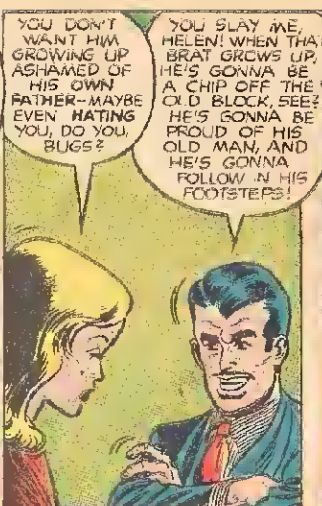


HOW CAN ANYONE BE AS CRUEL AS YOU? I MUST HAVE BEEN OUT OF MY MIND WHEN I MARRIED YOU!

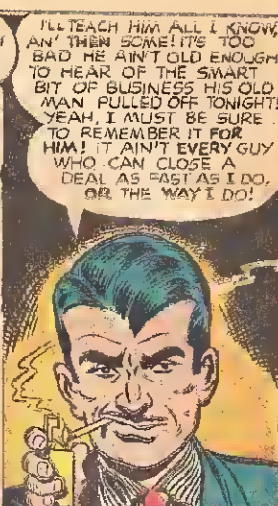
AIN'T THAT JUST LIKE A DAME! YOU WANTED EXCITEMENT—NOW YOUR BEEFIN' 'CAUSE YOU'RE GETTIN' IT! IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT HERE, WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME TO YOUR FANCY OLD LADY? HA, HA!

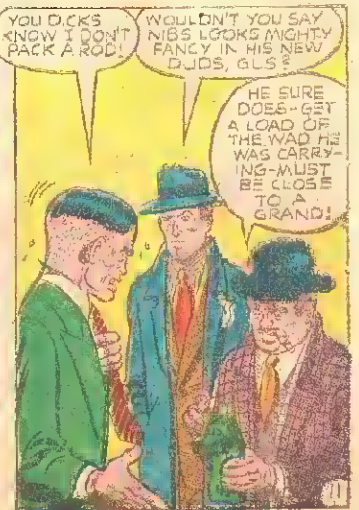
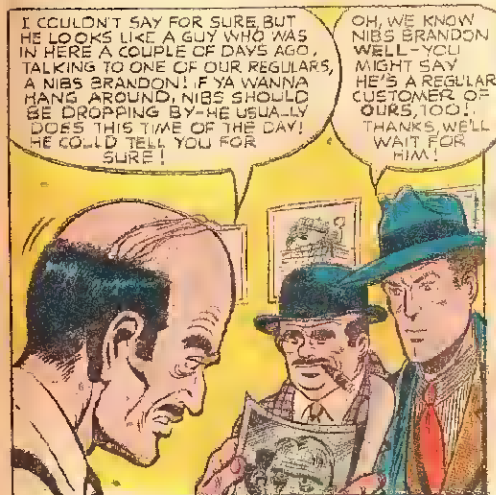
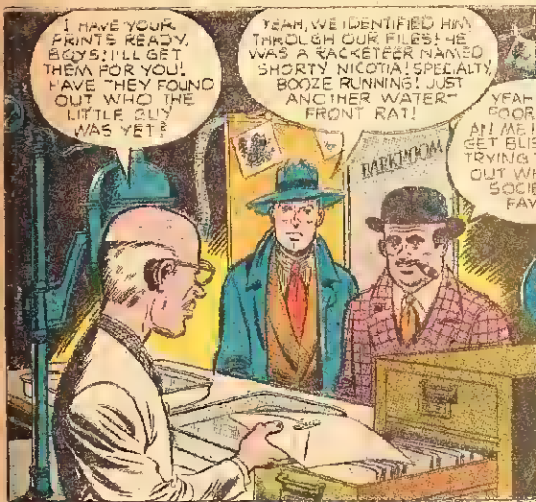


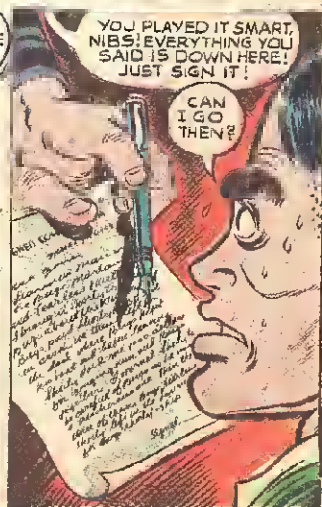
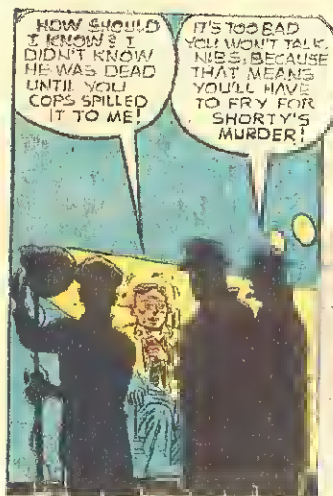
YOU KNOW IT ISN'T THE MONEY MY PARENTS CARE ABOUT-IT'S THE KIND OF MAN YOU ARE! BUT IF YOU DO HAVE AS MUCH WEALTH AS YOU SAY, BUGS, WHY WON'T YOU GIVE UP YOUR RACKETE AND GO STRAIGHT- FOR THE SAKE OF OUR SON?

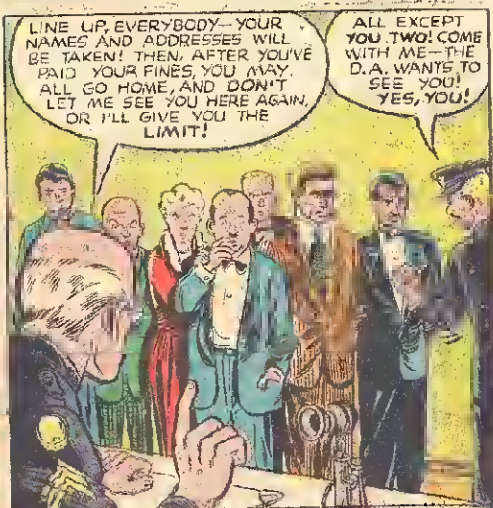
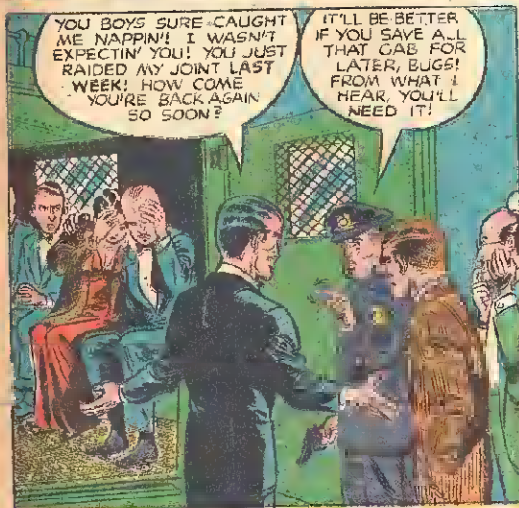


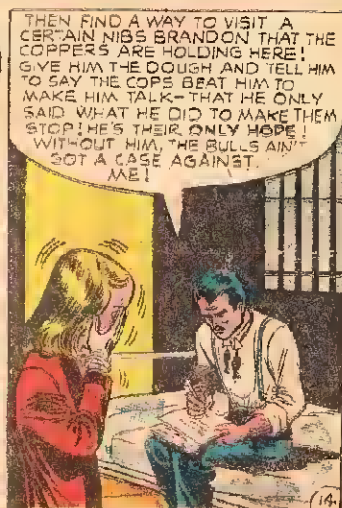
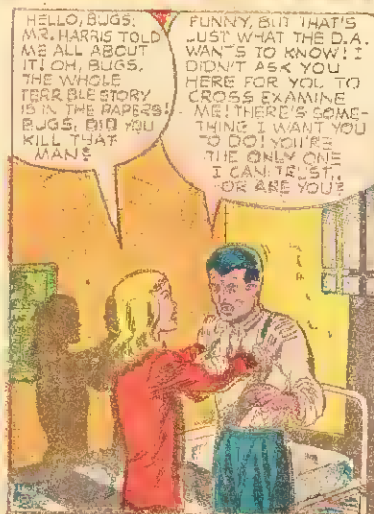
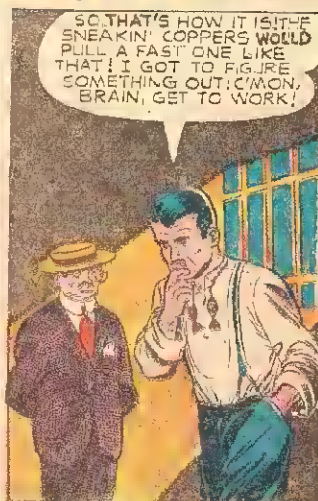
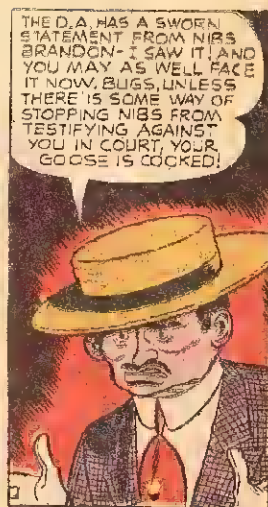
YOU SLAY ME, HELEN! WHEN THAT BRAT GROWS UP, HE'S GONNA BE A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK, SEE? HE'S GONNA BE PROUD OF HIS OLD MAN, AND HE'S GONNA FOLLOW IN HIS FOOTSTEPS!

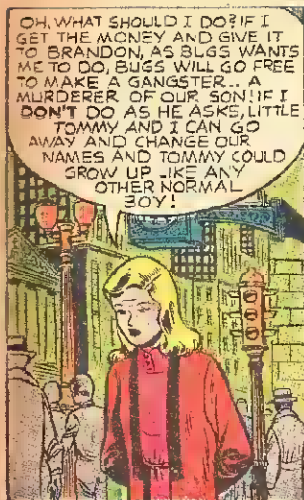












OH, WHAT SHOULD I DO? IF I GET THE MONEY AND GIVE IT TO BRANDON, AS BUGS WANTS ME TO DO, BUGS WILL GO FREE TO MAKE A GANGSTER... A MURDERER OF OUR SON! IF I DON'T DO AS HE ASKS, LITTLE TOMMY AND I CAN GO AWAY AND CHANGE OUR NAMES AND TOMMY COULD GROW UP LIKE ANY OTHER NORMAL BOY!

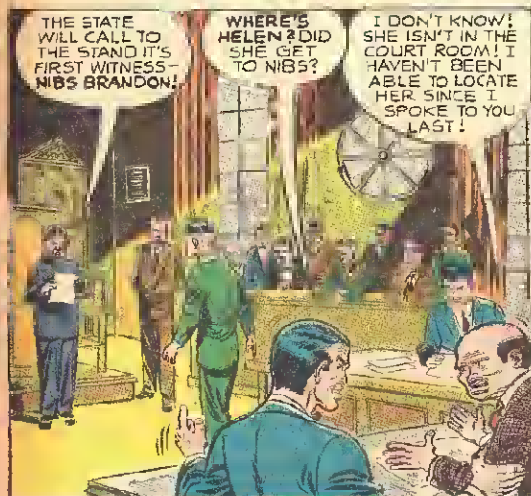


HAVE YOU SPOKEN TO HELEN? DID SHE GET TO SEE NIBS YET? YOU KNOW MY TRIAL COMES UP IN TWO DAYS! WHAT GOES ON HERE?

THE TRUTH IS, I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND HER!



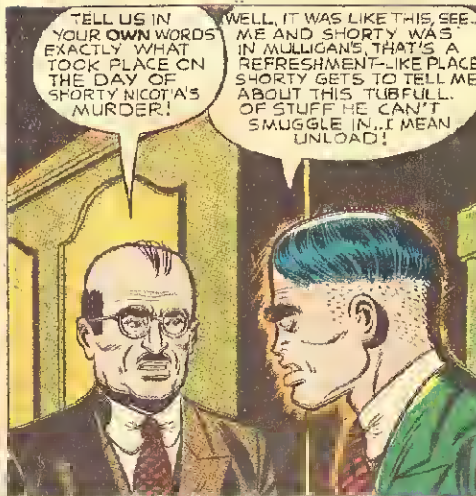
"THE STATE WILL PROVE TO YOU BEYOND A SHADOW OF DOUBT THAT BUGS MARTAIN DID WILLFULLY AND WITH FORETHOUGHT MURDER THE... SAID SHORTY NICOTIA!"



THE STATE WILL CALL TO THE STAND IT'S FIRST WITNESS—NIBS BRANDON!

WHERE'S HELEN? DID SHE GET TO NIBS?

I DON'T KNOW! SHE ISN'T IN THE COURT ROOM! I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO LOCATE HER SINCE I SPOKE TO YOU LAST!



TELL US IN YOUR OWN WORDS EXACTLY WHAT TOOK PLACE ON THE DAY OF SHORTY NICOTIA'S MURDER!

WELL, IT WAS LIKE THIS, SEE—ME AND SHORTY WAS IN MULLIGAN'S, THAT'S A REFRESHMENT-LIKE PLACE! SHORTY GETS TO TELL ME ABOUT THIS TUBFULL OF STUFF HE CAN'T SMUGGLE IN... I MEAN UNLOAD!



AND I TELL HIM THAT FOR A SMALL FEE, THAT'S LEGAL, AIN'T IT?... I'LL INTRODUCE HIM TO THIS BUGS CHARACTER WHO WILL NO DOUBT BE GLAD TO DO BUSINESS WITH HIM! WE SHAKE ON IT, AIN'T THEN TAKE HIM TO BUGS' SPEAK, I MEAN CLUB!



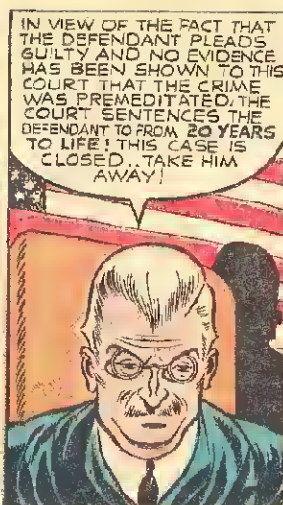
BUGS AIN' SHORTY TALK IT OVER—THEN BUGS PAYS..

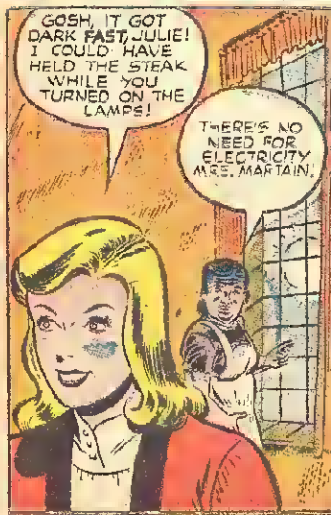
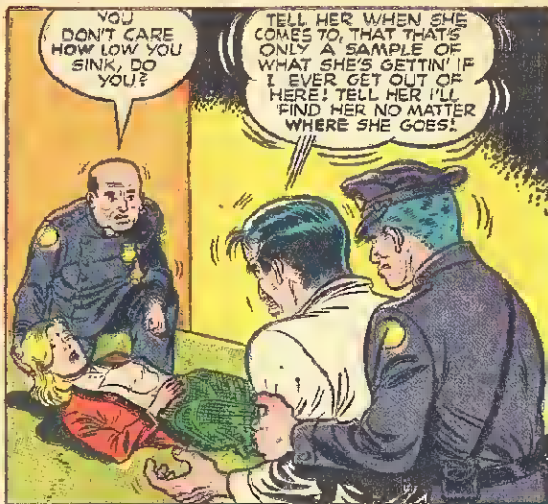
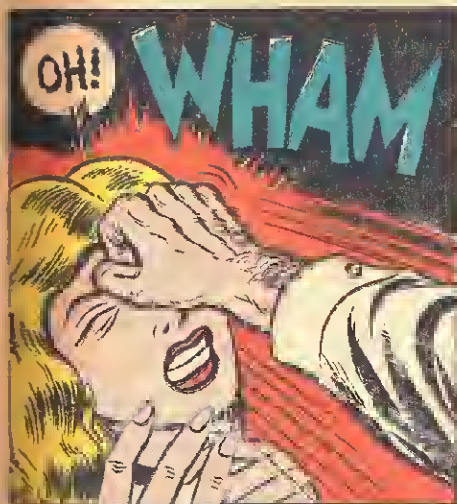
NIBS! WAIT! DON'T SAY ANY MORE! I'VE BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED! THAT DIRTY WIFE OF MINE DIDN'T GO TO SEE YOU BUT..

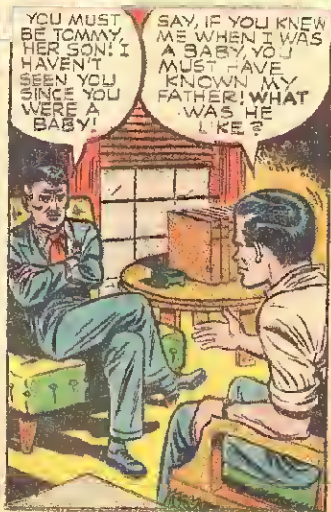
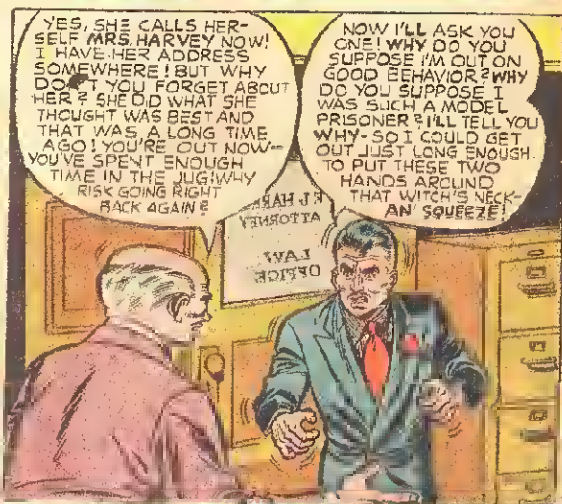
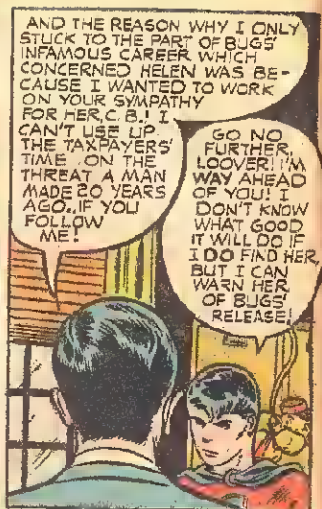
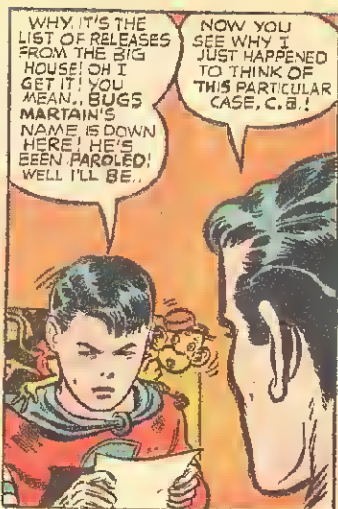


BLUB-BLUB-

YOU FOOL! NOW YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE!







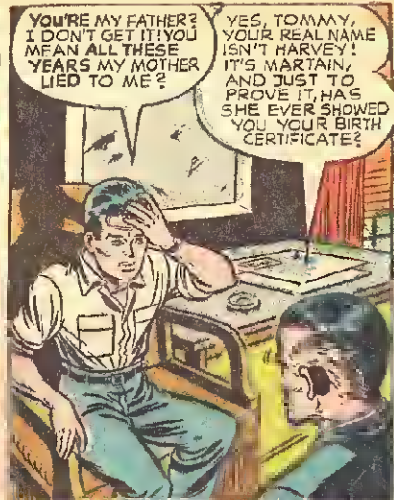


THEN I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU LEARNED A FEW THINGS, TOMMY! YOUR FATHER IS STILL LIVING—YOUR MOTHER TOOK YOU AWAY FROM HIM, OUT OF SHEER SPITE, WHEN YOU WERE JUST A LITTLE TOT!

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU'RE SAYING ABOUT MY MOTHER! SHE WOULDN'T DO SUCH A FOUL THING!



SHE DID, AND ONLY BECAUSE YOUR FATHER LIKED HAVING A GOOD TIME, AND SHE COULDN'T STAND TO SEE THAT! I SHOULD KNOW, TOMMY, BECAUSE I AM YOUR FATHER!

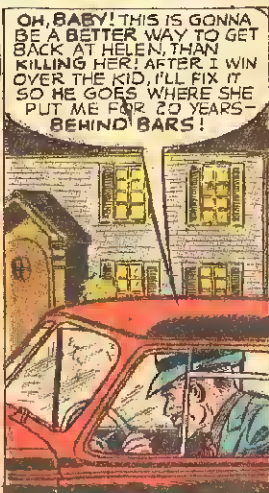


YOU'RE MY FATHER? I DON'T GET IT! YOU MEAN ALL THESE YEARS MY MOTHER LIED TO ME?

YES, TOMMY, YOUR REAL NAME ISN'T HARVEY! IT'S MARTAIN, AND JUST TO PROVE IT, HAS SHE EVER SHOWN YOU YOUR BIRTH CERTIFICATE?



NOW THAT I'VE FOUND YOU AFTER SEARCHING FOR YOU FOR TWENTY YEARS, I'D LIKE US TO HAVE THE CHANCE OF GETTING TO KNOW ONE ANOTHER! SO SUPPOSE YOU SAY NOTHING OF MY LITTLE VISIT TO YOUR MOTHER! DROP IN TOMORROW AT THE LA DELL HOTEL AND WE'LL TALK THIS OVER FURTHER!



OH, BABY! THIS IS GONNA BE A BETTER WAY TO GET BACK AT HELEN, THAN KILLING HER! AFTER I WIN OVER THE KID, I'LL FIX IT SO HE GOES WHERE SHE PUT ME FOR 20 YEARS—BEHIND BARS!



ONE WEEK LATER!

THAT'S THAT! WHY IS IT MY HORSE ALWAYS COMES IN LAST?

THAT KIND OF LUCK CAN'T GO ON FOREVER! HERE, KID, TAKE THIS AN' PUT IT ON SOMETHING IN THE NEXT RACE!



TWO WEEKS LATER!

CLEANED AGAIN! I HAVE THE WORST DARNED LUCK!

HERE, USE THESE, KID!

OH, NO, I'VE DROPPED A HUNDRED OF YOUR MONEY ALREADY!



FORGET IT! THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM! HERE, TAKE 'EM!

YOU SEEM TO HAVE ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD, POP! YOU KNOW YOU'VE NEVER TOLD ME WHAT BUSINESS YOU'RE IN!

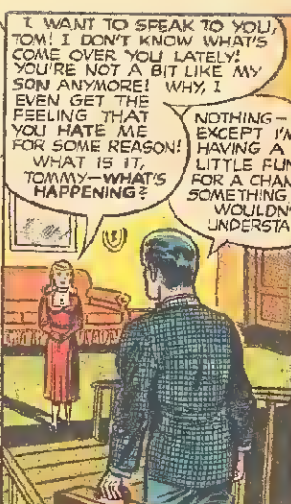


I MADE MY PILE YEARS AGO! YOU MIGHT SAY I'VE BEEN RETIRED EVER SINCE! SOME DAY I MIGHT SHOW YOU HOW I DID IT! C'MON, LET'S GET A DRINK!



ANY SQUAWKS FROM YOUR OLD LADY ABOUT YOU BEING AWAY FROM HOME SO MUCH SINCE YOU'VE BEEN SEEN ME?

NOT YET—BUT WHO CARES IF SHE DOES? EVER SINCE I FOUND OUT WHAT SHE DID TO A SWELL GUY LIKE YOU, I DON'T GIVE A HOOTIN' HOWL WHAT SHE HAS TO SAY! HEY, BARTENDER, FILL 'ER UP!



I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU, TOM! I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S COME OVER YOU LATELY! YOU'RE NOT A BIT LIKE MY SON ANYMORE! WHY, I EVEN GET THE FEELING THAT YOU HATE ME FOR SOME REASON! WHAT IS IT, TOMMY—WHAT'S HAPPENING?

NOTHING—EXCEPT I'M HAVING A LITTLE FUN FOR A CHANGE—SOMETHING YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND!



BUT I'VE NEVER STOPPED YOU FROM HAVING FUN!

NO—NOT THE NAMEY-FAMBY KIND, BUT I DON'T GO IN FOR THAT STUFF ANY MORE! I CRAVE REAL EXCITEMENT—AND YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW IT NOW! I'M LEAVING HERE FOR GOOD! I'VE FOUND OUT HOW YOU KEPT ME AWAY FROM MY FATHER ALL THESE YEARS! YOU LIAR!

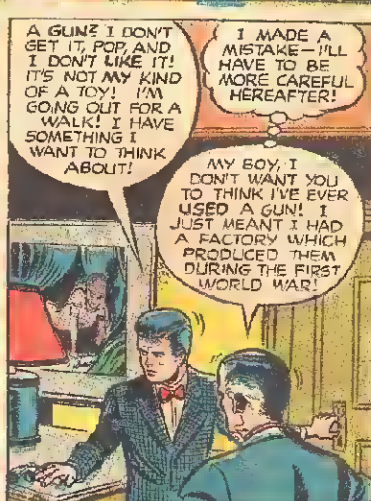


YOU'RE NOTHIN' BUT AN OLD HYPOCRITE! JUST BECAUSE YOU NEVER WANTED ANY FUN, DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN STOP OTHER PEOPLE!



WELL, DAD, I'VE MOVED OVER TO YOUR SIDE FOR GOOD!

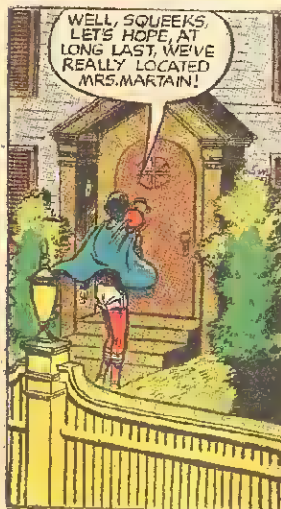
NOW YOU'RE COOKING! REMEMBER, I SAID I'D SHOW YOU SOME TIME HOW I MADE MY FORTUNE! WELL, THIS IS THE KEY TO MY SUCCESS! HERE—I WANT YOU TO HAVE IT!



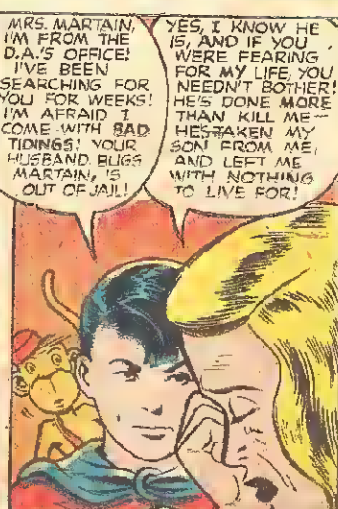
A GUN? I DON'T GET IT, POP, AND I DON'T LIKE IT! IT'S NOT MY KIND OF A TOY! I'M GOING OUT FOR A WALK! I HAVE SOMETHING I WANT TO THINK ABOUT!

I MADE A MISTAKE—I'LL HAVE TO BE MORE CAREFUL HEREAFTER!

MY BOY, I DON'T WANT YOU TO THINK I'VE EVER USED A GUN! I JUST MEANT I HAD A FACTORY WHICH PRODUCED THEM DURING THE FIRST WORLD WAR!

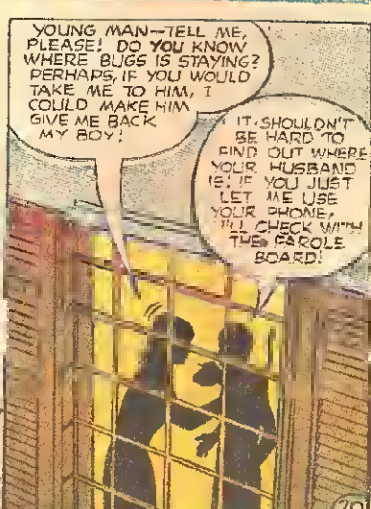


WELL, SQUEEKS, LET'S HOPE, AT LONG LAST, WE'VE REALLY LOCATED MRS. MARTAIN!



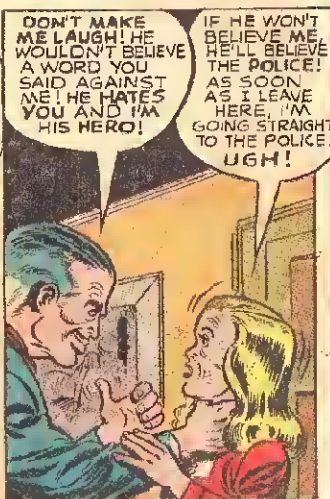
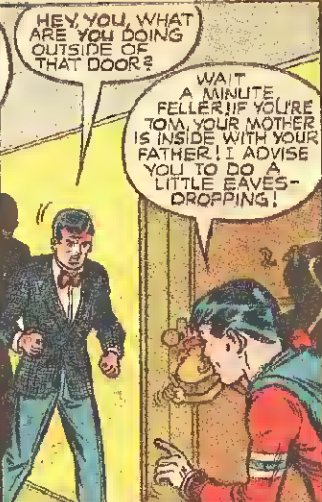
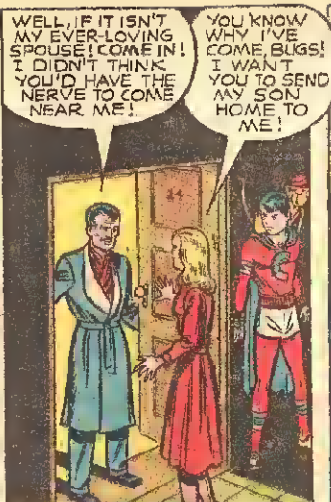
MRS. MARTAIN, I'M FROM THE D.A.'S OFFICE! I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR YOU FOR WEEKS! I'M AFRAID I COME WITH BAD TIDINGS! YOUR HUSBAND BUGS MARTAIN, IS OUT OF JAIL!

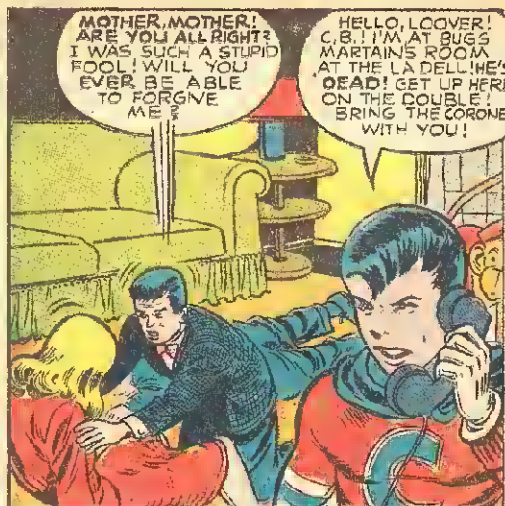
YES, I KNOW HE IS, AND IF YOU WERE FEARING FOR MY LIFE, YOU NEEDN'T BOTHER! HE'S DONE MORE THAN KILL ME—HE'S TAKEN MY SON FROM ME, AND LET ME WITH NOTHING TO LIVE FOR!



YOUNG MAN—TELL ME, PLEASE! DO YOU KNOW WHERE BUGS IS STAYING? PERHAPS, IF YOU WOULD TAKE ME TO HIM, I COULD MAKE HIM GIVE ME BACK MY BOY!

IT SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO FIND OUT WHERE YOUR HUSBAND IS! IF YOU JUST LET ME USE YOUR PHONE, I'LL CHECK WITH THE GAROLE BOARD!





MOTHER, MOTHER!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I WAS SUCH A STUPID
FOOL! WILL YOU
EVER BE ABLE
TO FORGIVE
ME?

HELLO, LOOVER!
C.B. I'M AT BUGS
MARTINS ROOM
AT THE LA DELL! HE'S
DEAD! GET UP HERE
ON THE DOUBLE!
BRING THE CORONER
WITH YOU!

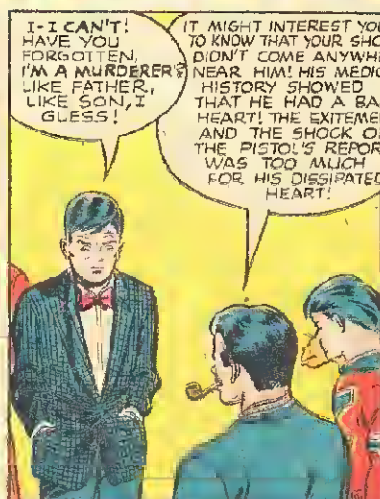


SAY, DOC, DIDN'T
I READ SOMEWHERE
THAT IF YOU TRANS-
PLANT THE CORNEA
OF A DEAD PERSON'S
EYES INTO A BLIND
PERSON, THE BLIND
ONE CAN BE MADE
TO SEE AGAIN?

IF BLINDNESS IS
CAUSED BY AN INJURED
CORNEA, YES! BUT THE
WHOLE OPERATION
MUST TAKE PLACE
WITHIN A MATTER OF
A FEW HOURS AFTER
DEATH! ALSO, THE
CORNEA CAN'T BE
REMOVED WITHOUT THE
CONSENT OF THE
DECEASED OR A
MEMBER OF HIS
IMMEDIATE FAMILY!



THEN START MOVING, DOC!
GET THE FINEST EYE SURGEON
AVAILABLE, AND TOM, YOU
GO WITH YOUR MOTHER
AND THE DOCTOR TO THE
HOSPITAL! YOU'LL BOTH
HAVE TO SIGN SOME
PAPERS, SO SHE CAN
BE OPERATED ON!



I-I CAN'T!
HAVE YOU
FORGOTTEN
I'M A MURDERER?
LIKE FATHER,
I GUESS!

IT MIGHT INTEREST YOU
TO KNOW THAT YOUR SHOT
DIDN'T COME ANYWHERE
NEAR HIM! HIS MEDICAL
HISTORY SHOWED
THAT HE HAD A BAD
HEART! THE EXTERMINATOR
AND THE SHOCK OF
THE PISTOL'S REPORT
WAS TOO MUCH
FOR HIS DISSIPATED
HEART!



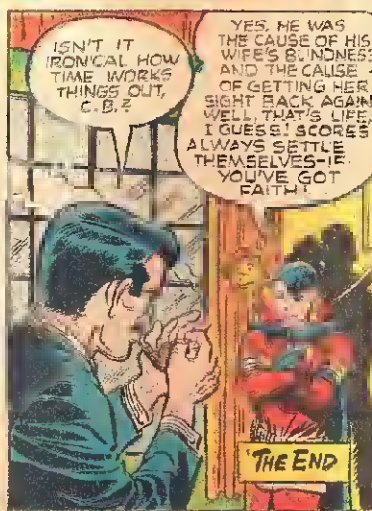
THE WITNESSES IN YOUR BEHALF
ARE BEYOND REPROACH! IN
THE LIGHT OF THE EVIDENCE,
IT IS QUITE OBVIOUS THAT
YOUR FATHER DIED FROM
A HEART ATTACK! IT IS,
THEREFORE, THE
JUDGMENT OF THIS
COURT THAT ALL CHARGES
AGAINST YOU BE DISMISSED!
YOU ARE HEREBY RELEASED
FROM CUSTODY!



OH, I CAN SEE AGAIN! I
CAN SEE! DON'T TELL ME
WHICH ONE OF YOU BOYS
IS MY SON, I'D KNOW
MY BABY ANYWHERE!



YOU ARE TOM! OH,
TOM, I'M THE HAPPIEST
WOMAN IN THE WORLD!
YOU'RE FREE AND I
CAN SEE AGAIN!



ISN'T IT
IRONICAL HOW
TIME WORKS
THINGS OUT,
C.B.?

YES, HE WAS
THE CAUSE OF HIS
WIFE'S BLINDNESS
AND THE CAUSE
OF GETTING HER
SIGHT BACK AGAIN!
WELL, THAT'S LIFE,
I GUESS! SCORES
ALWAYS SETTLE
THEMSELVES-IF
YOU'VE GOT
FAITH!

THE END

THIS IS YOUR PAGE
WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?
\$2⁰⁰ FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED \$2⁰⁰

Dear Reader:

In every issue of BOY COMICS this page is devoted to your opinions, ideas and suggestions. Since the conception of BOY COMICS we have been guided by two ideals—first, the eradication of crime, and second, to give credit to the fearless detectives and officers of the law who daily risk their lives that you and we may live in a more lawful society.

CHARLES BIRO and BOB WOOD, Editors

I am the president of the Current Events Club. All current happenings are discussed during a free period at school every day. At one of our recent club meetings, we were discussing juvenile delinquency. Sixty-one members of our club voted on the thing(s) they thought helped check delinquency. BOY, DAREDEVIL and CRIME DOES NOT PAY comics topped the list.

Yours truly, Billy O'Neal,
Route 1, Box 180
Gulfport, Mississippi

I just finished reading your No. 39 issue of BOY comics. You deserve more than praise for publishing such a great comic book. It certainly teaches the American youth that crime and greed don't pay.

I recommend BOY comics for all.

Yours, Cpl. Bob Kohn
Trailer No. 16569
Pine Grove Trailer Park
Camp LeJeune, N. C.

When I reached the age of sixteen, I thought my comic book days were over. But I cannot stop reading BOY comics or any magazine that has Charles Biro's name on it. The reason for this is that Mr. Biro's stories are real—they can happen to the guy next door, or to

you. Unlike most magazines, they all have a wonderful moral to them.

Truly, Bernice Haimowitz
157A Taylor Street
Brooklyn 11, New York

I am a housewife and I read BOY comics every time it comes out because it is a grand magazine. Every boy and girl should read these interesting stories. I'm certainly going to encourage my son to read it when he gets older.

Mrs. James Cox
9114 Neff Road
Clio, Michigan

Each month I manage to read BOY comics magazine, for this is the one comic I allow in our home. It contains the important features which constitute a successful mag., such as a good purpose, good stories and good artwork.

I am grateful for this publication because I know it will help my children to grow intelligently.

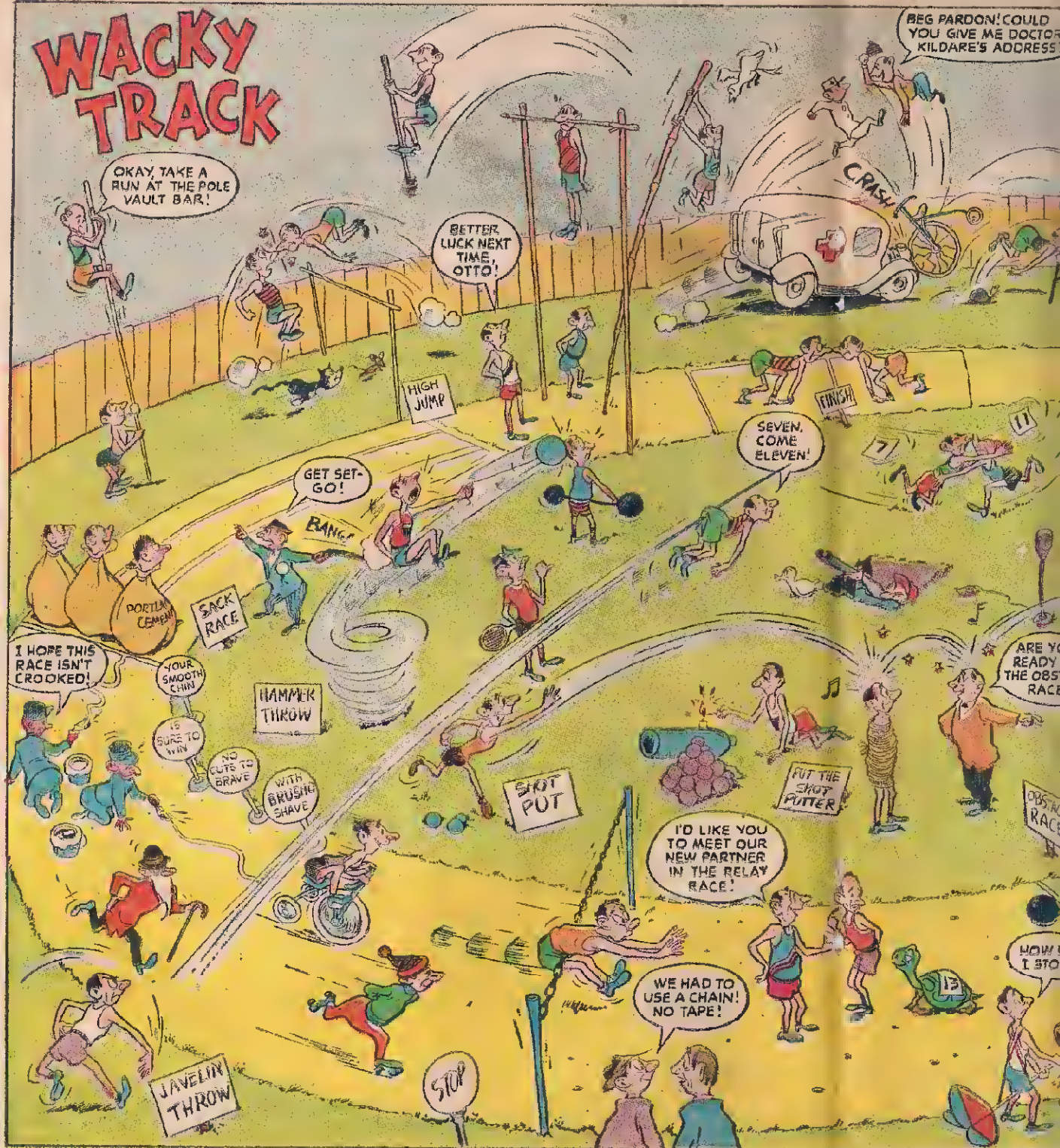
Sincerely, P. J. Muts
168 Myrtle Avenue
Buffalo 4, New York


BOY comics is an outstanding publication in a shoddy field because of its realistic drawings, high ideals and interesting stories.

A fan, Richard Riker
Phillips Academy
Andover, Massachusetts

Please try to limit letters to about 50 words. All letters become the property of Lev Gleason Publications, Inc., and we reserve the right to edit same. Address all letters to BOY COMICS, 114 East 32nd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

WACKY TRACK





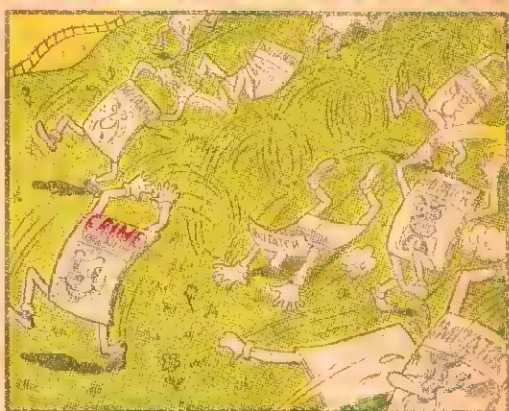
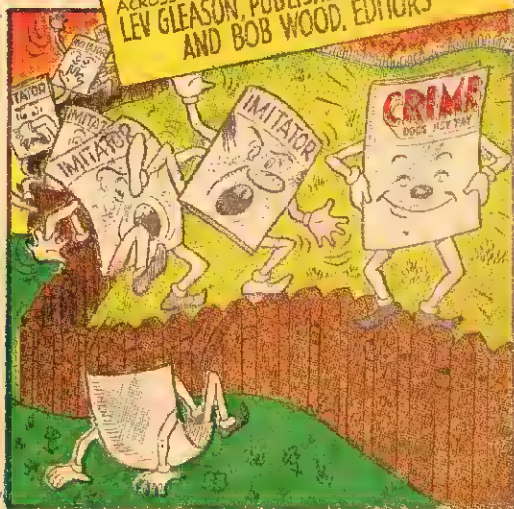


TO OUR READERS:

WARNING- BEWARE OF IMITATORS!

LEV GLEASON PUBLICATIONS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN LEADERS IN THEIR FIELD! CRIME DOES NOT PAY HAS FOR YEARS BEEN THE LEADING MAGAZINE IN COMICS! CRIME AND PUNISHMENT HAS FOUND MILLIONS OF NEW FRIENDS! BOY COMICS AND DAREDEVIL COMICS ARE AMONG THE MOST POPULAR IN AMERICA TODAY AND OUR NEW TRUE WESTERN, DESPERADO, IS SWEEPING THE COUNTRY!

IMITATION IS THE HIGHEST FORM OF FLATTERY! EVERY TIME WE BRING OUT A NEW IDEA, IMITATORS SWARM AROUND THE NEWSTANDS LIKE BEES AROUND HONEYUCKLE! SOME OF THESE IMITATIONS ARE FAIR! BUT WE WARN OUR READERS AGAINST THE FLOOD OF CHEAP AND SHODDY MAGAZINES WHICH ARE TRYING TO LATCH ON TO THE ENORMOUS POPULARITY OF OUR FIVE PUBLICATIONS! DON'T GET STUCK WITH A POOR IMITATION OF ONE OF OUR COMICS! PUT YOUR FRIENDS WISE TO THE FACT THAT EVERY GENUINE LEV GLEASON PUBLICATION CARRIES THESE WORDS RIGHT ACROSS THE FRONT COVER—
LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER-CHARLES BIRD AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS



PLEASE DON'T CONFUSE CRIME DOES NOT PAY WITH ANY OTHER MAGAZINE—ANYWAY, WE DON'T SEE HOW YOU COULD!

ICE IN HIS BLOOD

A CRIMEBUSTER STORY

CLUB 99 had a marquee over its entrance and a thousand electric bulbs around its doorway. Half a block down the street, Lieutenant Walsh and *Crimebuster* stood next to a light pole without a light on it. Shadows shrouded the entire sidewalk from the club to the next corner, where an arc lamp on another pole cast a dim circle of light on the street. The club's obscure setting, among dirty brick warehouses, was for effect.

"'Ice' Berg used to come here," Walsh said. "Now that he's out on parole he may show up again. I'm banking on it. I'd like to help you, but Berg knows everyone on the force."

Crimebuster nodded thoughtfully. "'Ice' Berg," he said at last. "I suppose that label stuck to him because of the cold, ruthless way he operates."

Walsh peered nervously up the dimly-lit street. Pinpoints of light appeared, and turned into taxi headlamps. "The newspapers gave Tony Berg that name, partly because he killed Horace Wayne for the Wayne matched diamonds, worth half a million, but mostly because of Berg's eyes. You'll know what I mean if you ever tangle with him."

"I remember the case," *Crimebuster* told Walsh. "You never did get the diamonds back, did you?"

"'Ice' swore he didn't have them," Walsh answered. "Even the lie detector we used on him proved useless. 'Ice' has no nerves, no emotions."

Again Walsh glanced up the road. Three taxis were approaching, travelling in line. "The most we ever got 'Ice' for was evasion of his income tax. We never could hang Wayne's murder on him, or anyone else's for that matter. And we're positive he's killed at least six men, three of them cops."

Crimebuster whistled under his breath. "No wonder you don't want him to suspect you're tailing him, Walsh." The youthful scourge of criminals looked down at his white shirtfront, his black dress trousers, his patent leather shoes. "Say, will I pass in this monkey suit?"

Walsh slapped *Crimebuster* on the shoulder. "You're perfect!"

Up the street, the three taxis stopped in front of Club 99. Several men and women, in formal

dress, got out of the cabs. All but one man walked to the club's entrance. The remaining man spoke to the cabbies. Walsh grabbed *Crimebuster* by the arm. "That's 'Ice' now!"

"Why, he looks just like a big country boy!"

Berg turned from the taxis and walked slowly toward the club. Walsh moved back into the shadows and drew *Crimebuster* close to him. "I've got to leave. Good luck. You have a rod?"

Crimebuster shook his head. "From what I've heard about 'Ice' Berg, I don't think a gun would be much use to me. Anyway, I'm just checking on him, you know. I don't expect any action." As he walked away, *Crimebuster* said over his shoulder, "Take care of Squeaks till I get back!" But Walsh had disappeared into the darkness.

Crimebuster strolled toward Club 99. As he approached, he glanced out of the corner of his eye at a dirt-smudged warehouse window. His top hat, his black topcoat and white scarf were reflected dimly. He pushed open the swinging doors of the club and went inside. Near the hat-check room the lights were dimmed, but through the two round glass panes high on the doors of the main clubroom, *Crimebuster* could see that the bright ceiling lights were on inside.

Suddenly a gun was pressed hard against *Crimebuster's* back. He tensed, half turning, as he saw a six foot muscle-man in a tuxedo.

"Keep your mitts high and move inside," the thug ordered.

Crimebuster followed instructions. If this was one of Berg's henchmen, his taking a stand now could spoil any chance *Crimebuster* might have of getting the drop on Berg.

Inside the main room, the patrons were lined up facing the pine-panelled wall, their hands above their heads. Berg stood casually in the center of the room, as unmoving as a statue. In his right hand he gripped an automatic. From the corner of his lips hung a cigarette, the smoke curling lazily around his head. Beside him stood a nondescript, slightly-built thug, also holding a gun.

Working swiftly from each end of the line, two henchmen frisked the victims with professional ease. With them was a girl in a strapless evening dress, who put the take into an improvised bag, made of the scarf she had worn over her hair.

"Ice" did not turn his head when *Crimebuster* entered, but called to the muscle-man, "Keep *Walsh's dick covered. I'll get to him when this is over."

Crimebuster caught his breath. Berg already had him spotted. At that moment, the nerve-wracking stillness was pierced by the angry scream of a victim, as Berg's man started to lift his wallet. The man twisted away, grabbed his money, and started for the door. Berg fired, and the man stumbled forward, dead before he hit the floor. "In case any of you have similar ideas," Berg drawled, "let that be a warning."

In a surge of fury, *Crimebuster* lurched forward. "Ice" Berg turned to face him. *Crimebuster* stopped short, remembering that he was unarmed, and decided that caution was the better part of valor. Suddenly, something surprising happened. Berg's gun had been smoking, a thin trail of powder smoke rising from the barrel. But now, *Crimebuster* realized, the slender henchman held the smoking gun, and in Berg's hand was an unsmoking, unfired weapon.

That change of guns had taken place right before *Crimebuster's* eyes, and yet he had not seen the swap! And now, though he himself was sure, he realized that he could not prove that Berg had even fired the weapon. *Crimebuster* began to feel a strange awe for the very deviltry of the crook. If he lived through this episode, which was doubtful, he was going to have to use more brains and courage to meet Berg on his own ground than he ever before had needed.

Berg spoke in a slow, country drawl, and his voice, except for its sharp, razor-edged tenseness, was not unpleasant. "You ain't goin' anywhere, dick," he said.

Crimebuster, looking at the killer, knew why the name "Ice" had been hung on Berg. In the stress of the moment, Berg's pale green eyes faded into their whites, and the whites themselves took on a crystal appearance that looked for all the world as if Berg saw, not through eyes, but rather through a pair of ice cubes, set in cold gray sockets.

"I don't like to be stared at, dick," Berg went on. "And I have a special hate for cops." His trigger finger moved.

"Where do you get that 'dick' stuff?" *Crimebuster* asked suddenly. "I'm on the same side you are, and I can prove it. I want to join up with you, Berg."

A sneer curled the killer's lip. "Don't be funny, dick. That line won't save your neck. I saw you outside with Walsh!"

Crimebuster shrugged. "Oh, him! Walsh is a nosy flatfoot! He thought I was walking off a binge. I let him think so."

Berg's finger eased just slightly on the trigger. "I'll kill you if you're lying! Prove it."

"Suppose I produce the Wayne diamonds?" *Crimebuster* asked.

Berg's face turned pasty green. He said to the nondescript crook beside him, "Search that guy!"

The deft fingers of the little thief went over *Crimebuster's* coat. He whipped a knife from his pocket and sliced the lining of *Crimebuster's* dress suit. A black box came out. Inside, six perfect sparklers glittered in the light.

"I knew you never got them, because I had them," said *Crimebuster*. "You killed Wayne, but you didn't get the rocks."

Berg's gun arm dropped. The crook bent close for inspection. Then his head came up. "You liar," he snarled.

But *Crimebuster* had moved like a streak of lightning, grabbing Berg and swinging him about. Both the friskers blasted, but *Crimebuster* was holding Berg so that the killer took the slugs. As *Crimebuster* let Berg slump, he hauled the nondescript one in front of him. With a mighty heave, he threw the little guy at the muscle-men.

A bedlam of screams and cries broke loose. Some of the patrons dived under the tables, others ran. The dress suit came off the youngster with the flailing fists. The red, white and blue uniform of *Crimebuster* gave the patrons courage, threw the fear of death into the crooks. They squealed like cornered rats.

"Someone call for the wagon!" yelled *Crimebuster*.

Later, at headquarters, Walsh asked, "But the Wayne diamonds, *Crimebuster*? Where in the ..."

"Phonies," replied *Crimebuster*. "I learned from the executor of the estate that the rocks had never been stolen. That meant Berg would be broke when he got out of jail. I had the fakes made, thinking I could fool Berg into showing his hand some time. Berg recognized the trick right away, but they were enough to get his guard down."

Walsh wiped his brow. "I thought you'd horrified the real ones. The estate didn't let on that the stones hadn't been stolen. When Berg killed Wayne he found an empty case. He thought Borin, his trigger man, had lifted them. Borin hasn't been seen since. I wanted to tell you, but I had to get permission from the executor. He was away, and I didn't think you and Berg would come to a showdown so soon."

"The executor got back this morning," replied *Crimebuster*. "It was he who gave me the imitations."

"Look, *Crimebuster*," Walsh said, "my nerves could stand a cup of coffee. How about it? I've been driven near nuts tryin' to keep Squeaks quiet while you were away."

THE END

CRIMEBUSTER

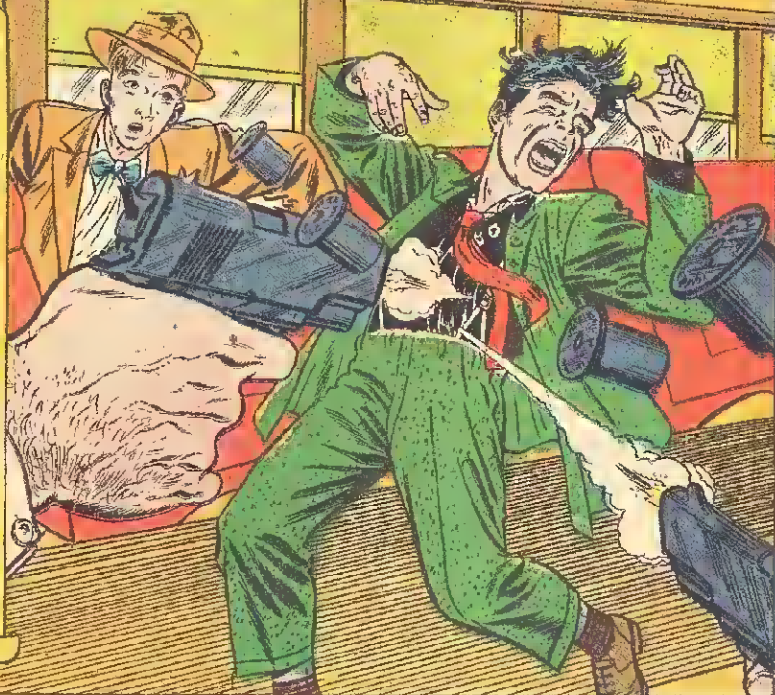
story by
**CHARLES
BIRO**

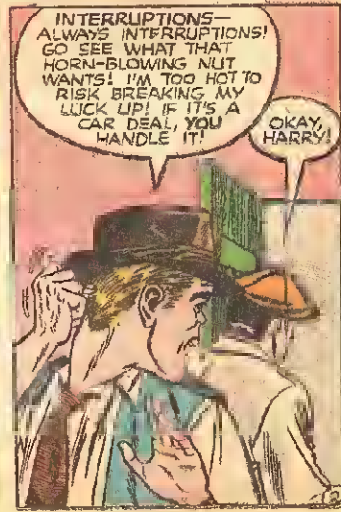
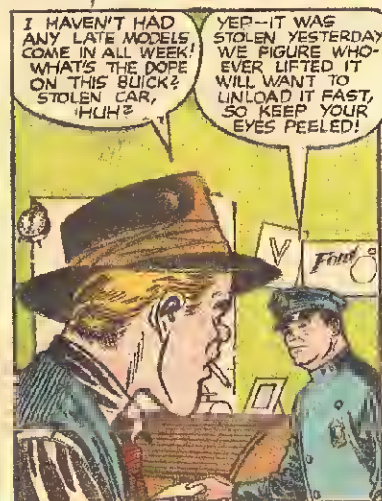
THERE ARE VARYING DEGREES OF ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE! THE AMOUNT OF INTELLIGENCE AN ANIMAL HAS IS NATURALLY DEPENDENT UPON—FIRST, THE SIZE AND PATTERN OF THE BRAIN, AND SECOND, ON ITS DEGREE OF DEVELOPMENT! THIS IS AN OUTWARD EVALUATION, HOWEVER! TO BE MORE SPECIFIC, THERE ARE VARYING DEGREES OF INTELLIGENCE WITHIN PARTICULAR SPECIES!

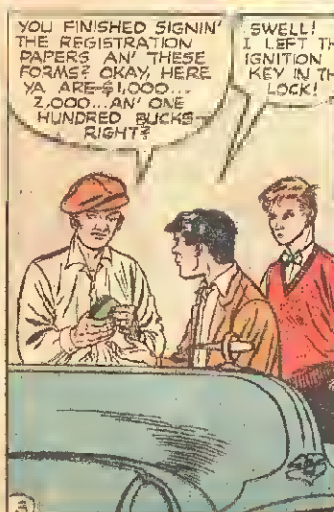
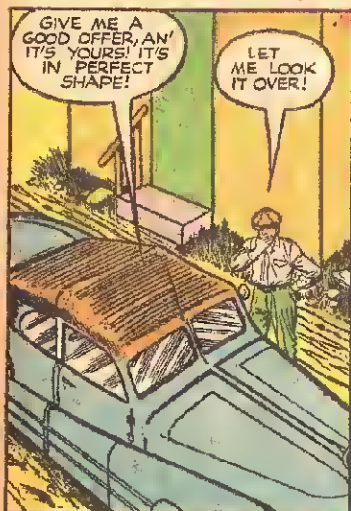
IN THE BROAD SENSE, EVEN THE MOST INTELLIGENT ANIMAL CAN ONLY LEARN FROM EXPERIENCE! THE PRECIOUS ABILITY TO LEARN FROM OTHERS' EXPERIENCES IS RESERVED FOR HUMANS! IT'S A PITY THAT THERE ARE THOSE WHO WILL NOT MAKE USE OF ONE OF OUR GREATEST ADVANTAGES—THOSE FOOLS WHO, IN THE FACE OF SIMPLE FACTS, WON'T ACCEPT A WORD OF ADVICE, BUT HOPELESSLY STRUGGLE TO FIND OUT FOR THEMSELVES ONE OF THE BOLDEST AND GREATEST TRUTHS—THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

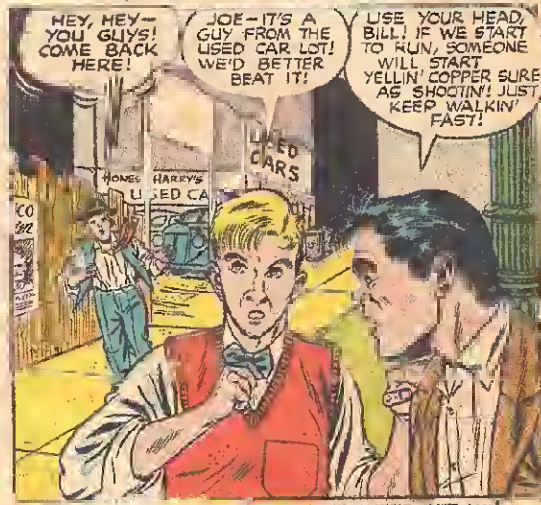
Charles Biro

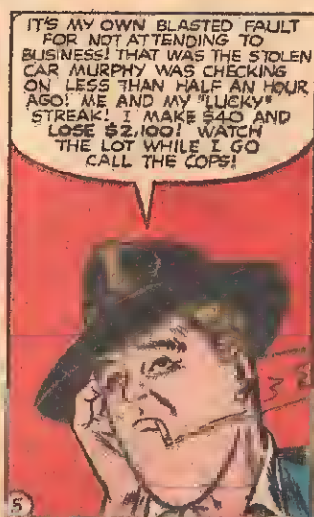
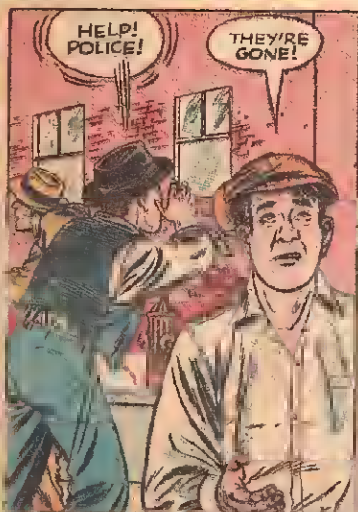
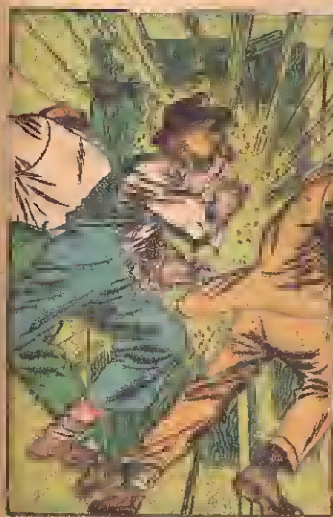
DRAWN BY ROY & BELFI

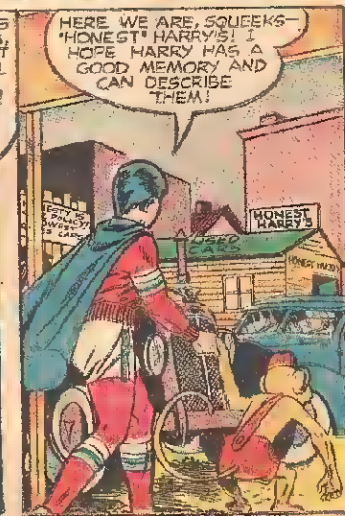




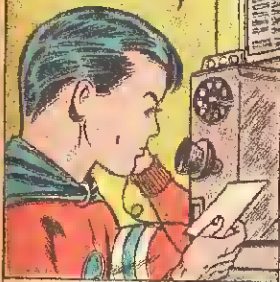








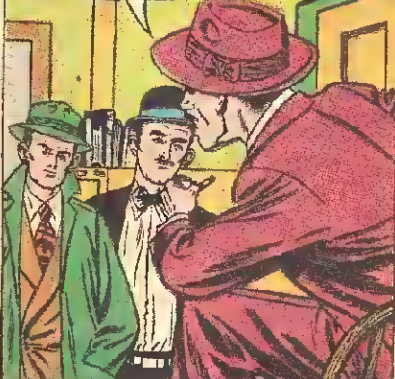
HELLO, BRADY? THIS IS CRIME-BUSTER: I HAVE A GOOD DESCRIPTION OF THOSE TWO CAR THIEVES! ONE IS ABOUT SIX FEET TALL, BLONDE HAIR, FAIR COMPLEXION, BLUE EYES, WEAK CHIN, NO SPECIAL IDENTIFYING MARKS! HE IS WEARING A SLEEVELESS SWEATER AND A BOW-TIE! THE OTHER, BOY...



HEY, SAM! ISSUE AN ORDER TO ALL THE PLAINCLOTHESMEN IN YOUR PRECINCT TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR TWO CAR THIEVES! HERE'S THE DESCRIPTION OF THEM! TELL YOUR MEN TO BE ESPECIALLY ON THE ALERT IN BARS, NIGHT-CLUBS AND DANCE HALLS!



THEY'RE WELL-HEELED WITH THE CASH THEY STOLE FROM A USED-CAR DEALER, SO THEY'RE LIKELY TO GO ON A SPENDING SPREE! CRIMEBUSTER IS HANDLING THE CASE, AND IT'S HIS HUNCH THAT THEY'LL STAY IN TOWN TO SPEND SOME OF IT!



REMEMBER—ONE IS SHORT AND DARK, THE OTHER, TALL AND BLONDE AND THEY'RE ARMED!

Wink soul
easy life

NOTIFY YOUR EMPLOYEES TO BE ON THE ALERT FOR THESE TWO CROOKS! THEY'LL BE FREE WITH THEIR MONEY!

IF ANYONE FITS THEIR DESCRIPTION, GIVE GINNY HERE THE HIGH SIGN, DO YOU UNDERSTAND, GIRLS?

WOULDN'T IT BE THRILLING TO HELP CATCH THEM, DORRIS?

YES, MR. GATES!

UHM... MAYBE...

DANCE

50! DANCE



HOW ARE YOU MAKING OUT, CRIMEBUSTER?

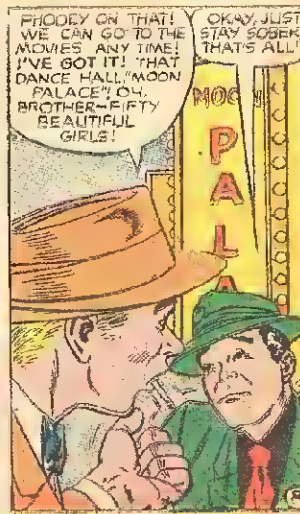
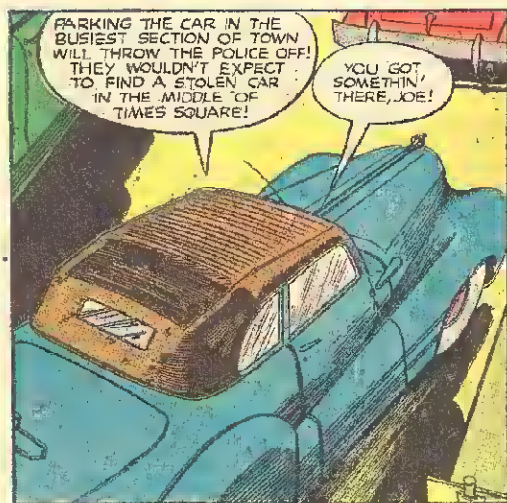
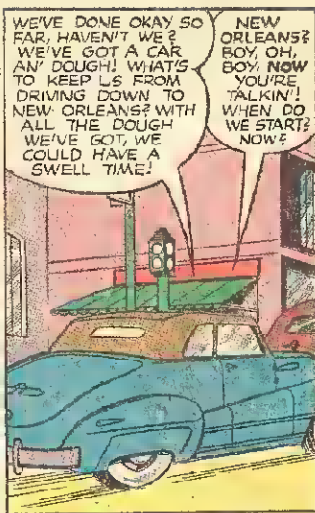
I'VE COVERED EVERY ANGLE I CAN THINK OF! FROM NOW ON, IT'S A WAITING GAME!

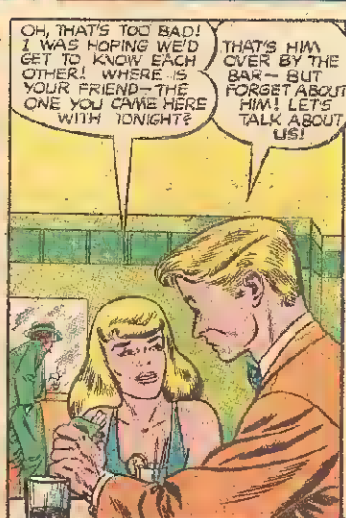
YOU'LL HAVE TO GET ACTION PRETTY FAST, IF YOU WANT TO WIN THAT BET! IT'S SIX O'CLOCK NOW—THAT LEAVES YOU JUST TEN HOURS TO OPERATE IN!

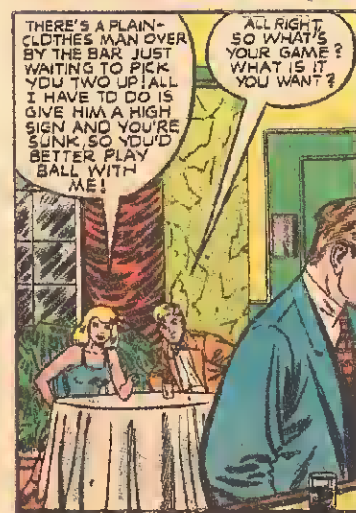
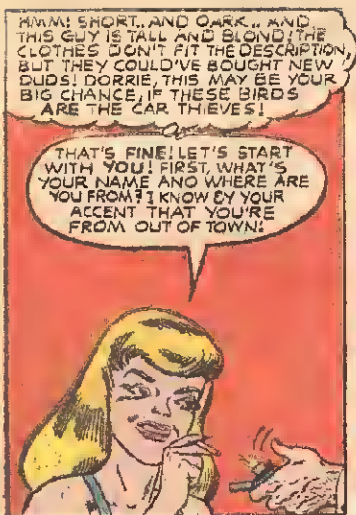
WELL, I'M CLOSING SHOP FOR THE DAY! WHAT ABOUT YOU, C.B.?

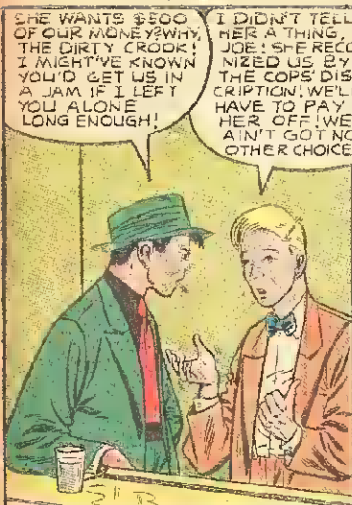
I'M STANDING BY TO WAIT FOR DEVELOPMENTS! SEE YOU IN THE MORNING!



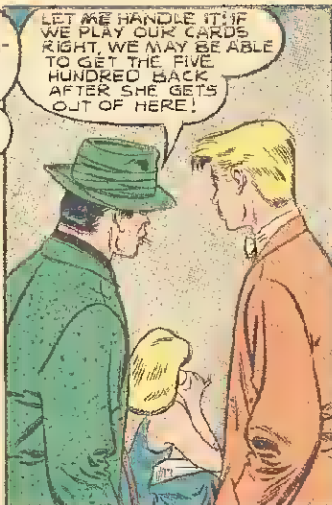








I DIDN'T TELL HER A THING, JOE! SHE RECOGNIZED US BY THE COPS DIS-CRIPTION. WE'LL HAVE TO PAY HER OFF! WE AIN'T GOT NO OTHER CHOICE!



ALL RIGHT, I'LL GO! BUT DON'T TRY ANY DOUBLES, CROOKS. OUTSIDE, UNLESS YOU WANT TROUBLE!



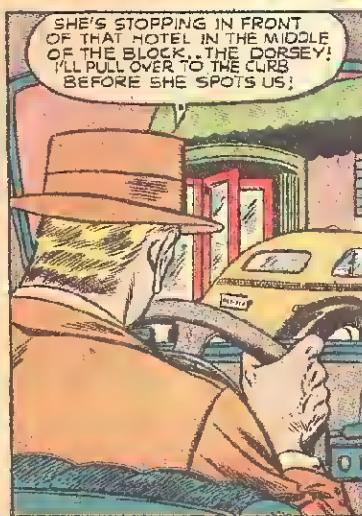
OKAY, LET'S GO!



VERY FUNNY! OUT HERE WITH ALL THESE PEOPLE, YOU DON'T DARE TRY ANY FAST STUFF! BUT ONCE I GET IN THAT CAR WITH YOU CROOKS, IT'S GOOD-BYE, DORRIE! NO, THANKS!



YOU'RE DARN RIGHT I DON'T! HEY, TAXI!





HIYA, SWEETHEART! NOT SO FAST! FIRST, YOU HAND OVER THAT FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS!

OH, IT'S YOU AGAIN! A DEAL IS A DEAL! BEAT IT BEFORE I SCREAM!



IF YOU DO, I'LL BE YOUR LAST ONE! NOW HAND IT OVER!

HEY, LOOK, DOUG! SOME MUG IS BOTHERING THAT GIRL FROM ROOM 717!

IT'S DORIS DEAN!



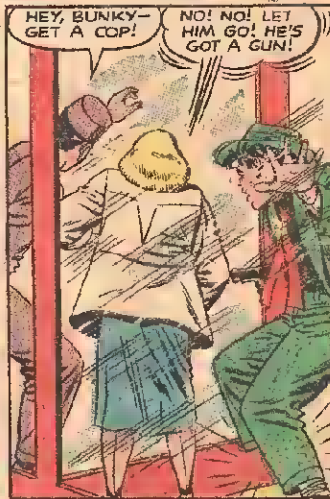
IS THAT FELLOW BOTHERING YOU, MISS DEANE?

NO! NO—STAY BACK! HE'S GOT A... NOTHING! BEAT IT!



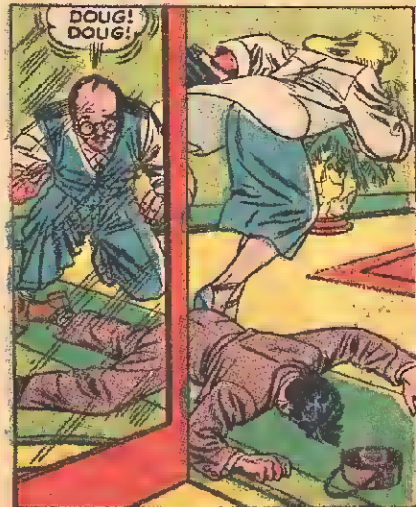
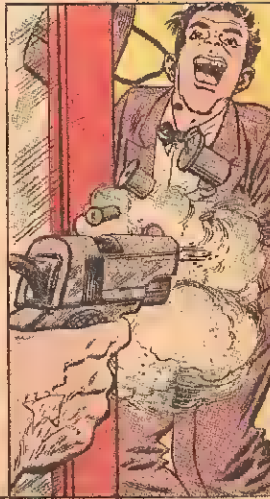
OWW!!

NOW I HAVE YOU TRAPPED, YOU RAT!



HEY, BUNKY—GET A COP!

NO! NO! LET HIM GO! HE'S GOT A GUN!



DOUG! DOUG!

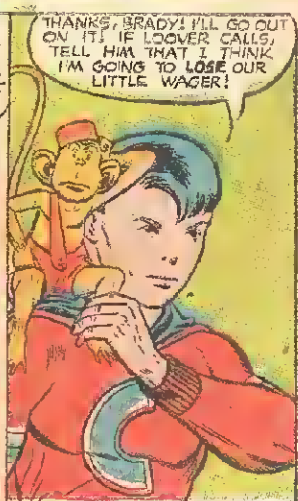
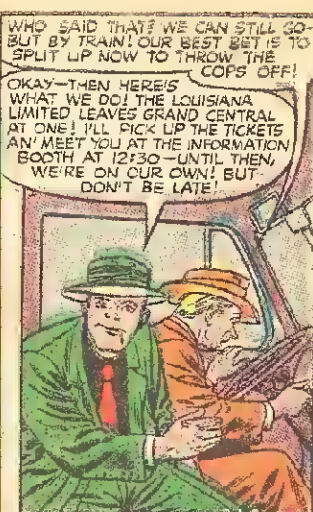
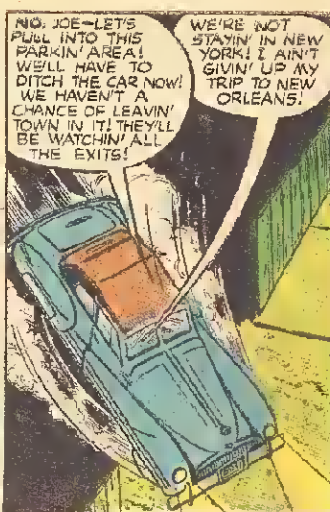


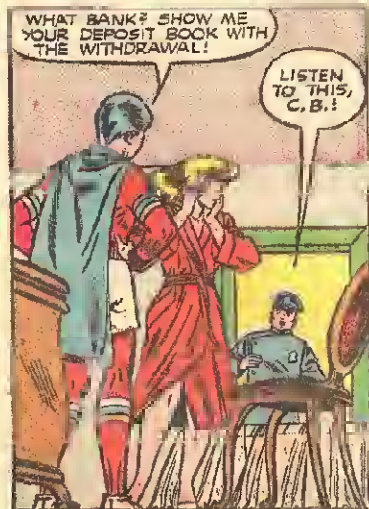
I HEARD A SHOT! WHO DID YOU PLUG?

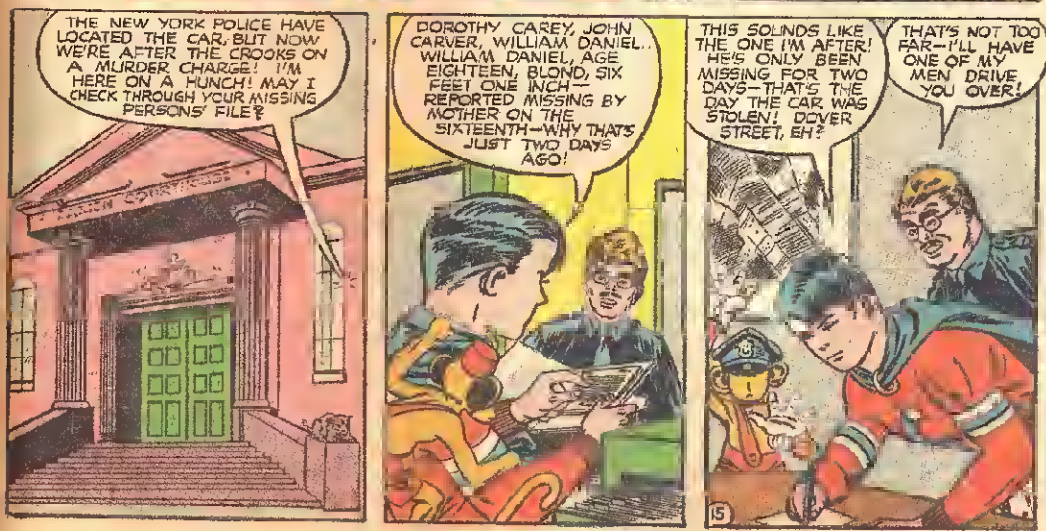
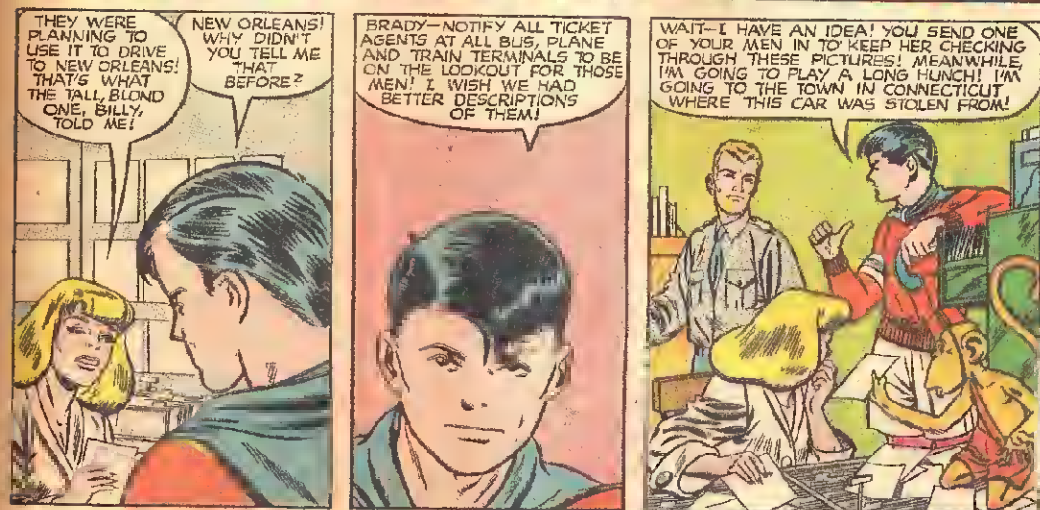
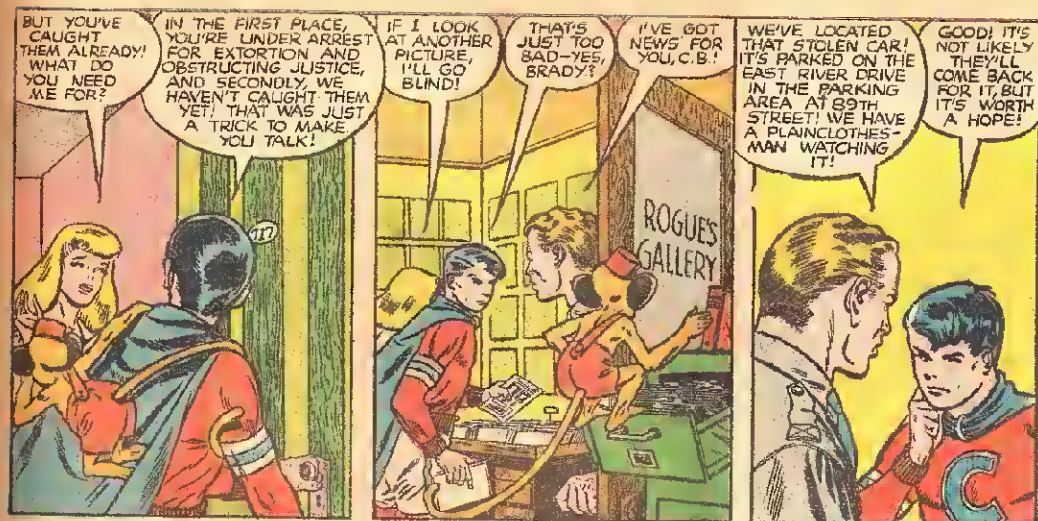
DON'T ASK QUESTIONS NOW! JUST DRIVE! STEP ON IT BEFORE WE HAVE EVERY COP IN TOWN ON OUR NECKS!



HELP! MURDER—POLICE—STOP THAT CAR!



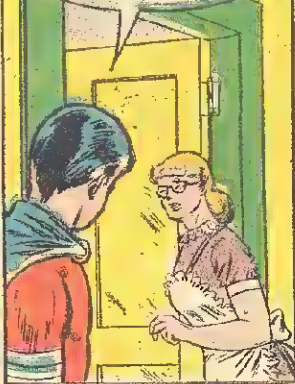




BILLY'S NOT IN TROUBLE, IS HE? HE'S WORRIED ME A LOT LATELY! FIRST IT WAS LYING, THEN STAYING OUT LATE, AND NOT TELLING ME WHO HIS FRIENDS WERE, OR WHERE HE'S BEEN... BUT THIS LAST TIME IS THE FIRST TIME HE EVER STAYED OUT ALL NIGHT!



IF HE'S THE BOY WE'RE AFTER, HE IS IN TROUBLE... BAD TROUBLE! BUT THE SOONER WE CATCH HIM THE BETTER IT WILL BE FOR HIM! DO YOU HAVE A RECENT PICTURE OF HIM I COULD USE?

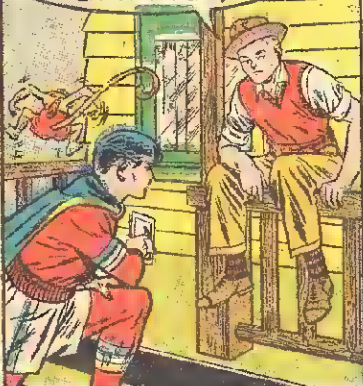


DO YOU KNOW WHO ANY OF HIS FRIENDS WERE, ESPECIALLY A SHORT, DARK BOY NAMED JOE?

NO, HE NEVER BROUGHT ANY OF HIS FRIENDS HOME. ALTHOUGH I WISHED HE WOULD! MAYBE DONALD, THE BOY NEXT DOOR, COULD HELP YOU! HE AND BILLY USED TO BE GOOD FRIENDS!



SURE, I KNOW THE FELLOW YOU MEAN! JOE BRANDER! HE AND BILLY GOT TO PALIN' AROUND A LOT THESE LAST FEW MONTHS! THAT'S WHY BILLY AND I QUIT SEEN' EACH OTHER!



JOE'S JUST PLAIN NO GOOD! I TRIED TO TELL BILLY THAT AND HE GOT SORE AT ME! I STILL DON'T SEE WHAT HE SAW IN HIM! THE GUYS BEEN IN THE STATE REFORM SCHOOL TWICE, AND HE WAS ALWAYS PULLING CROOKED DEALS! BILLY ISN'T HIS KIND, BUT SOMEHOW HE LOOKED UP TO JOE!



SO JOE WAS IN REFORM SCHOOL! THAT MEANS I CAN GET A PICTURE OF HIM, TOO! THANKS, DON! YOU'VE HELPED ME A LOT!

GOSH, I HOPE BILLY ISN'T GOING TO GET IN TROUBLE! I LIKE THE GUY!



YOU'VE BEEN UP ALL NIGHT, HAVEN'T YOU? TIME'S RUNNING SHORT, C.B.I. YOU'VE ONLY THREE HOURS LEFT TO WIN YOUR BET! AND WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GET SOME SLEEP?

THERE'S STILL A CHANCE! THE PHOTO LAB HAS RUN OFF COPIES OF THOSE PICTURES TO DISTRIBUTE TO ALL TICKET AGENTS IN THE CITY! IF THEY HAVEN'T LEFT YET, WE MAY STILL TRAP THEM! YAWN!



TWO TICKETS FOR THE LOUISIANA LIMITED TO NEW ORLEANS!

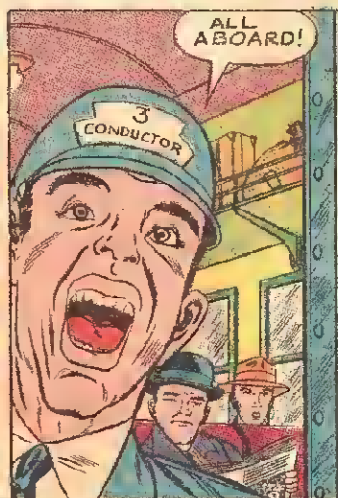
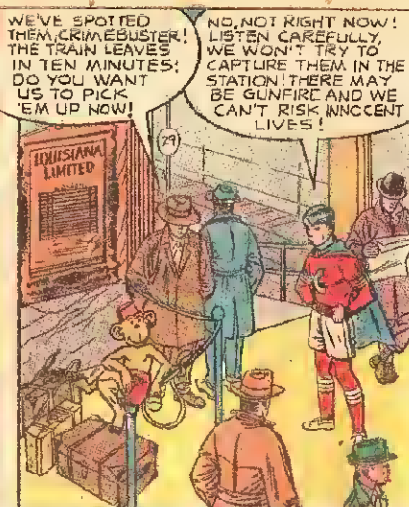
YESSIR! TWO TICKETS!

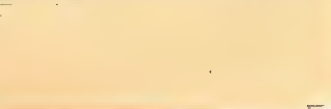
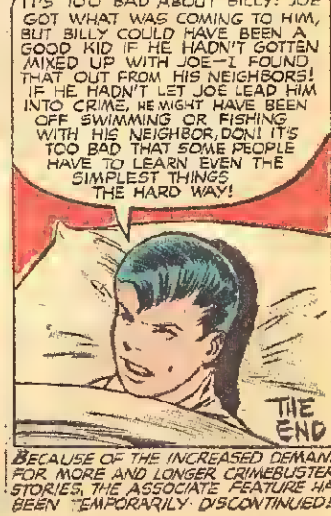
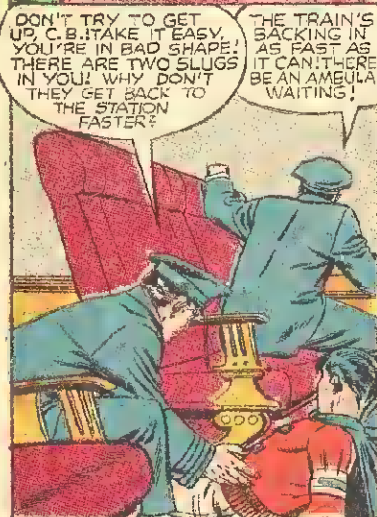
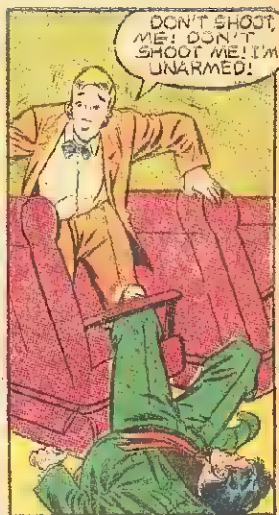
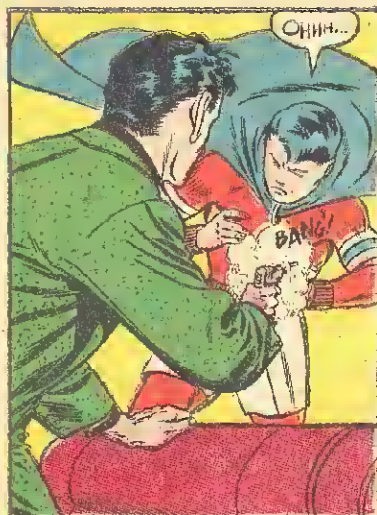


KEEP THESE PICTURES IN FRONT OF YOU! IF THESE MEN TRY TO BUY TICKETS TO NEW ORLEANS, CALL A COP, BUT WATCH YOUR STEP! THEY'RE ARMED!

WELL, I'LL BE! WHY THIS ONE WAS HERE JUST A MINUTE AGO!



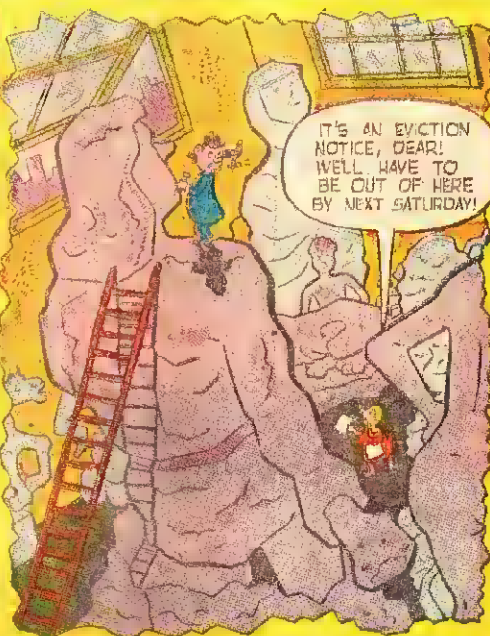
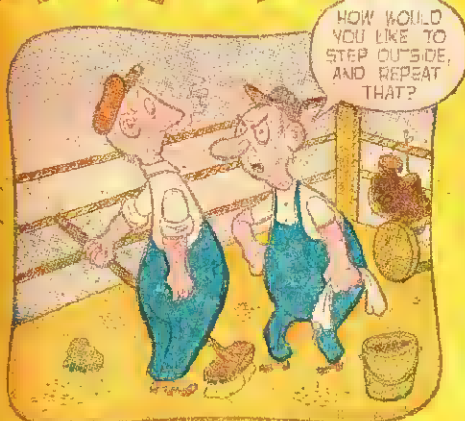




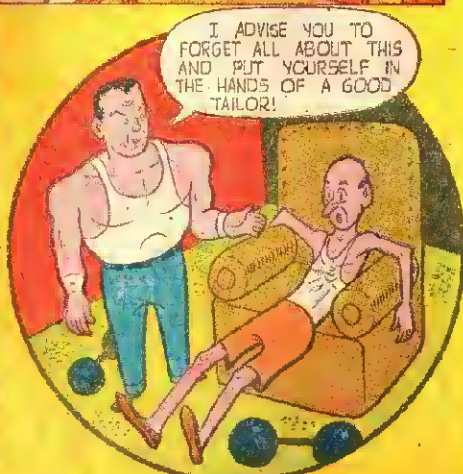
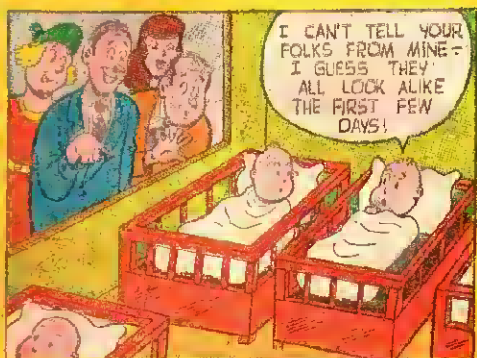
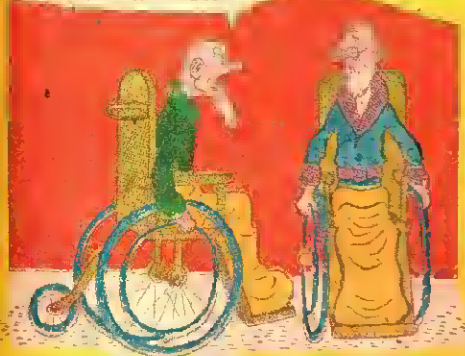
THE END

BECAUSE OF THE INCREASED DEMAND FOR MORE AND LONGER CRIMEBUSTER STORIES, THE ASSOCIATE FEATURE HAS BEEN TEMPORARILY DISCONTINUED!

SILLY DILLIES



IF YOU EVER CUT IN FRONT OF ME AGAIN, I'LL RAM RIGHT INTO YOU!



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THEIR CRIMES, CAREERS
AND DEATHS!



BRAND NEW!



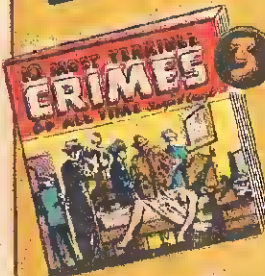
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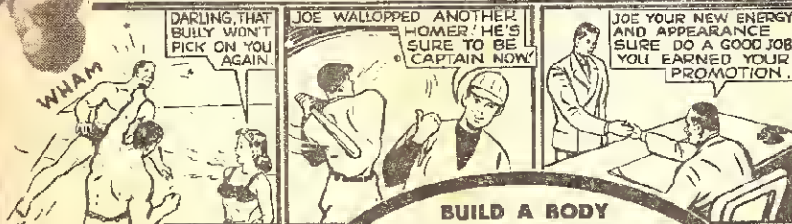
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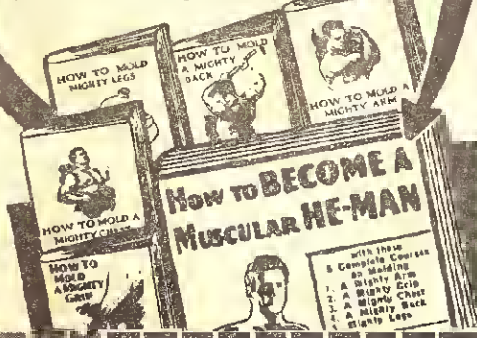
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